

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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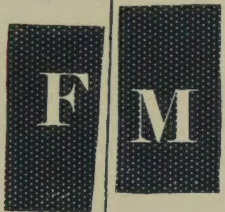
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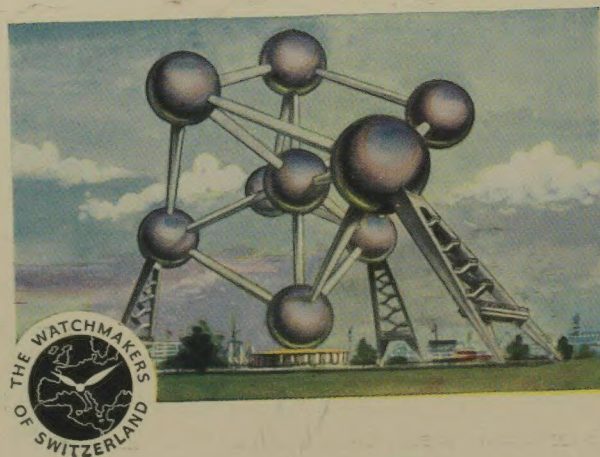
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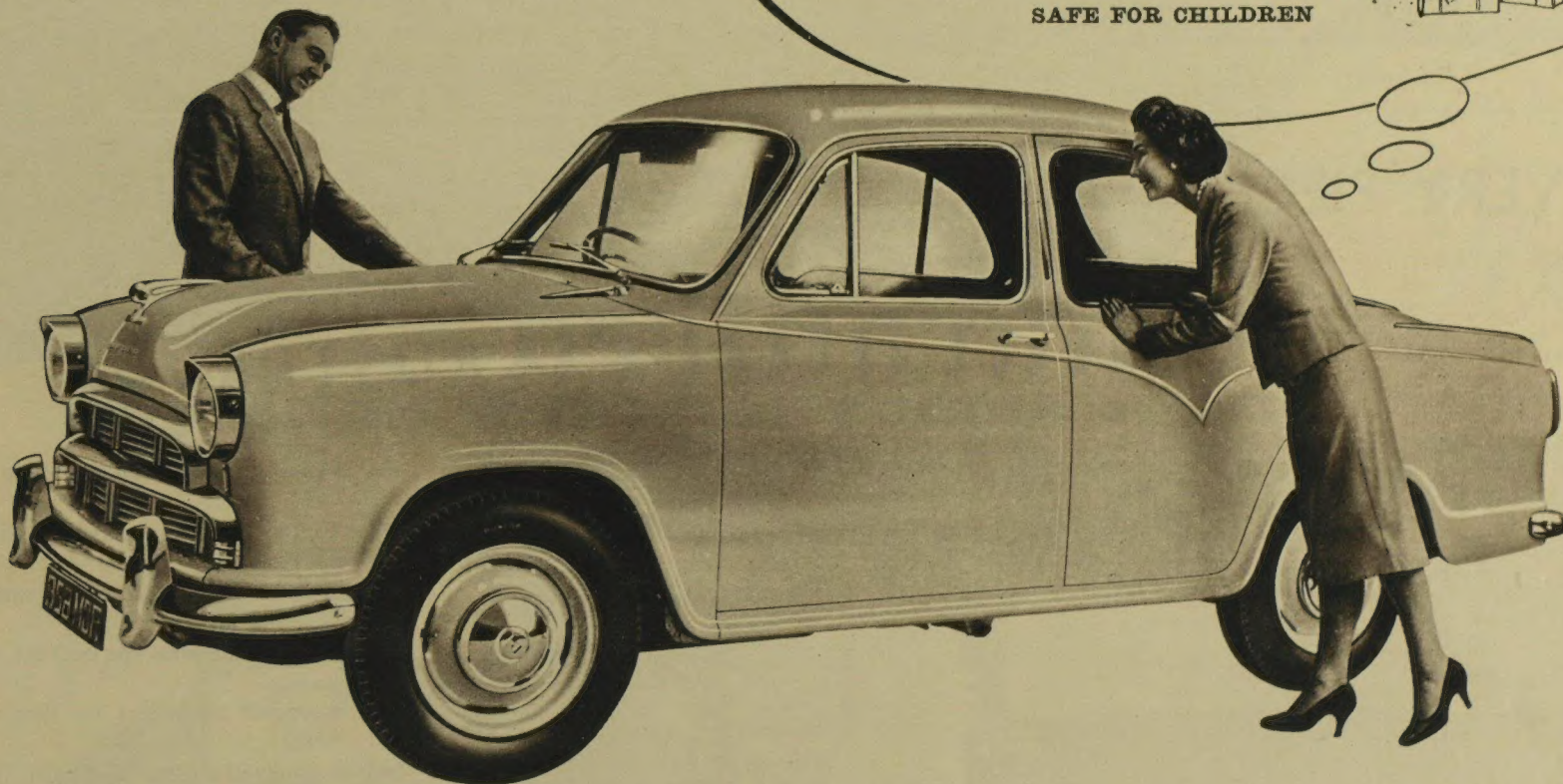
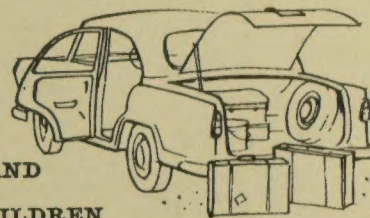
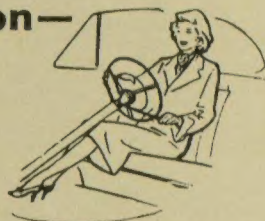
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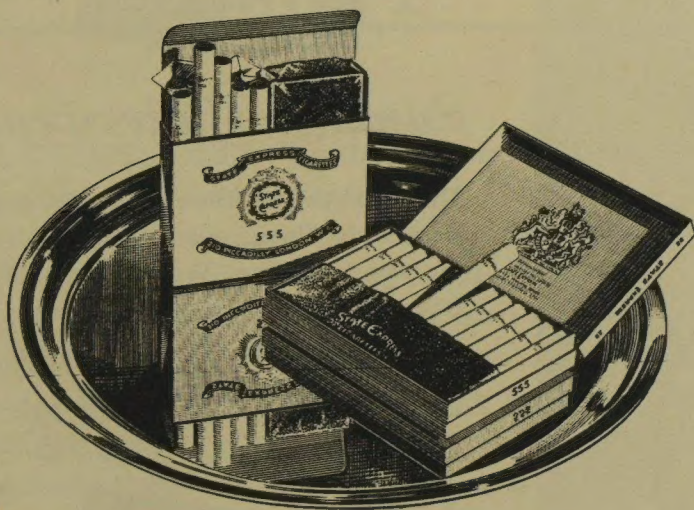


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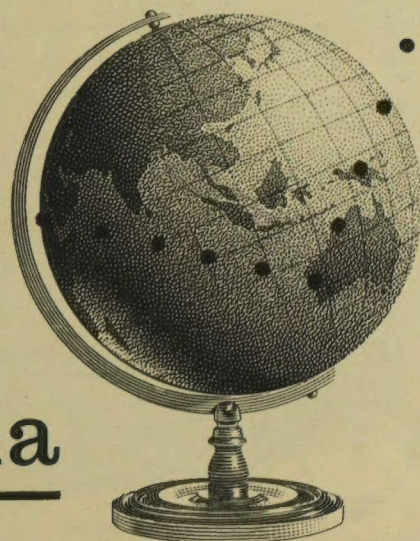


## BP MAPS THE FUTURE



Children of Medina, the new township near Kwinana Refinery, outside their splendid modern school.

## A new township springs up in Australia



SEVENTEEN MILES south of Fremantle, the main port of Western Australia, is Australia's biggest refinery – Kwinana – owned and operated by one of the British Petroleum group of companies.

Nearby a new township has risen amid the gum trees and casuarinas of the Australian bush. Named Medina, it has been built by the Western Australian authorities as the first part of a large new town to house many thousands of people whose livelihood will be mainly bound up with oil.

This new town has been planned not only for

personnel of Kwinana Refinery, but also for employees of the new industries attracted to the area by the building of the refinery, with its ready supply of fuel oil and other products.

Kwinana started operating in 1955, and can now process 3,000,000 tons of crude oil a year. Important new plant is at present being added to meet Australia's ever increasing demand for oil products. In Australia, as elsewhere, The British Petroleum Company plans the future by taking practical steps today.

THE *British Petroleum*  
COMPANY LIMITED





Arthur Lees  
always  
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**Dunlop '65'**

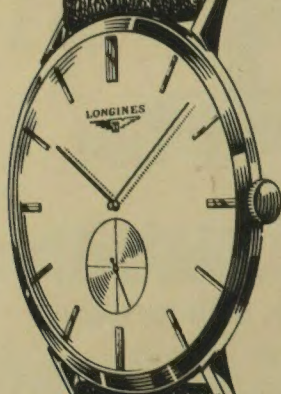
*It's the finest!*



The record of Arthur Lees at once establishes him as one of golf's leading professionals. He has won the Master's and many other big events, and nobly represented Britain in four Ryder Cup internationals. But Lees is more than a top-class player: he is one of golf's personalities, with a wonderful sense of occasion. Whether gaining full points in the 1951 Ryder Cup at Pinehurst or showing the way round his home course at Sunningdale with a 65 in the first round of the 1956 Dunlop Tournament, he is always liable to provide the dramatic touch. Now a senior golfer, Arthur Lees is still capable of winning in any company.

BS/G14A

THE MUSIC OF TIME

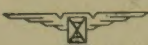


Neither a fine violin nor a Longines 331 has anything superfluous about it; the beauty of each springs from fitness for purpose. The instrument perfects the harmonies of the musician; the wafer-thin watch keeps a man in harmony with the whole universe.

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Aug. 17	Palma, Istanbul, Phaleron Bay (for Athens) & Lisbon...	19 days
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MANAGEMENT AT WORK

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we have

completely changed

the face of the

Hawker Siddeley

Group,



"Three years ago, Hawker Siddeley was already a leader of many years' standing," says Sir Frank Spriggs, Group Managing Director, "— but it was a leader in the highly specialised field of aviation. Today, we are still deeply concerned with aircraft; but in three years we have completely changed the face of Hawker Siddeley." What is the meaning of this change? Simply this — that Hawker Siddeley is now one of the world's leaders in heavy industry; with scores of factories turning out many kinds of engineering products — steel, aluminium alloys, rolling-stock, buses, cars, diesel engines, generators and power plant, to name only a few; with markets all over the world; with assets of £214 million, and an annual turnover of more than £260 million. A dramatic change, involving bold decisions. A change that gives Hawker Siddeley not only the power of sheer size but also the strength of great diversity.

**HAWKER SIDDELEY** One of the World's Industrial Leaders



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SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1958.



"THANKSGIVING, COMMEMORATION AND DEDICATION": THE SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW HIGH ALTAR WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (RIGHT FOREGROUND).

The new High Altar in St. Paul's Cathedral, erected as a memorial from the people of Britain to the 335,451 men and women of the Commonwealth and Empire overseas who gave their lives in the two World Wars, was consecrated on May 7. Leading the large congregation was the Queen with the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal family.

The service also marked the opening of the restored East End of the Cathedral. The new Altar was consecrated by the Bishop of London, Dr. H. C. Montgomery Campbell, and the address was given by the Dean, Dr. W. R. Matthews. At the end of the service the Archbishop of Canterbury gave the Blessing, which was followed by the National Anthem.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WITH what astonishment, were they suddenly recalled from the grave, would the trades unionists of fifty or sixty years ago view the London Bus Strike of 1958. In those days there could be no two ways of looking at a strike. It was an organised protest by the workers against the greed and injustice of those who exploited their labour. There might be—there were—differing opinions about the degree of that greed and injustice, whether it was sufficient to justify a strike, or even whether, in some particular case, it existed at all. But the purpose of the strike was plain and evident; the colours of the contestants admitted of no half-tones; Labour was in the field against Capital. As presented by the Socialist newspapers of the day—"seditious rags," they were called, by those who did not subscribe to their forthright minority views!—the contest was between a bloated capitalist employer, invariably depicted with a frock-coat, top-hat and distended stomach girt by an enormous gold watch-chain—and a pale, famished skeleton of a worker struggling heroically against his heartless and monstrous oppressor for the sake of his ragged wife and children who could be seen weeping in the background, obviously in the final stages of consumption. There may have been, of course, some exaggeration in the statement of the case, some heightening of the colours, but everyone knew what the struggle was about and between whom it was being waged. "This, lads, is the Lucknow of Labour," declared John Burns, in the great Dockers' Strike of 1889, "and I myself, looking to the horizon, can see a silver gleam—not of bayonets to be imbrued in a brother's blood, but the gleam of the full round orb of the docker's tanner." A strike in those days might be, and generally was, a very hard affair for the strikers; it might result in their starvation and even in their defeat through starvation; but it was a contest in which everyone could see and recognise the adversaries and knew exactly what the issues were.

However strenuous the efforts of professional publicists and politicians to present it as such, it is difficult to see Mr. Cousins's London Bus Strike of 1958 in these simple traditional terms. In the first place, it is a strike, not against private capital, against the greed of employers, but against a public and nationalised Corporation—itsself the creation of half-a-century's Socialist endeavour—which belongs to the Nation, in other words, to the People of this country, including the electors themselves. The profits, if any, of the public concern—the London Transport Executive—from which more pay is being demanded by its employees is at the disposal of the People, to do, through their parliamentary representatives, whatever they like with; it is the legal property of Everyman, just as much as the Royal Navy or the Queen's Highways. It is like striking against Hampstead Heath! The strikers are demanding more pay but they are demanding it from themselves and all the other workers of Britain,

well-paid and ill-paid alike. What is more, they are striking against an award of a National Arbitration Court, recognised and approved by the Trades Union Movement and to which their own Union had agreed to refer the dispute. In the simple and stark terms of 1900 or 1890 the London Bus Strike of 1958 is scarcely recognisable at all, though the strikers and their leaders are going through all the familiar attitudes of an old-fashioned strike. Nor are the wages with which they are expressing dissatisfaction those of starvation or even poverty; in terms of money face-values they equal those of the average middle-class family of half-a-century ago. They are merely less than those of other industrial workers. And this, of course, is the real essence of the dispute and of the strikers' claim. They are not as well paid as other workers and they ought to be. And

#### THE TRANSPORT CRISIS.



MR. IAIN MACLEOD,  
THE MINISTER OF LABOUR.

The divergence between the Government's policy of economic stringency and trade union determination to pursue claims for higher wages led to one major crisis when the London busmen went on strike from May 5, and to a second crisis when, on May 9, leaders of the three railway unions attended the meeting proposed by the Minister of Labour. In April, the Railway Staff National Tribunal rejected the railwaymen's claims for higher pay and shorter hours in a majority report; the Tribunal recognised the railwaymen's rates were lower than in other nationalised industries but could not recommend a wage increase as the Transport Commission was not in a strong financial position and is not allowed, by law, to borrow more than £250 million. In later negotiations, Sir Brian Robertson, Chairman of the Transport Commission, had told the union representatives of economy measures which had been agreed with the Government to strengthen the Commission's financial position and which would make a review of railway wages possible at a later date. After the meeting on May 9, it was announced that there would be another meeting, on May 13, between the union representatives, Sir Brian Robertson and Mr. Macleod, when it would be made known whether the Government had decided to make money available for an immediate wage increase or had devised some other solution of the crisis.



GENERAL SIR BRIAN ROBERTSON, CHAIRMAN  
OF THE BRITISH TRANSPORT COMMISSION.

when the London Transport Executive protests that it is not earning sufficient money from the bus-riding public to pay them what they demand and have been partly offered in increased wages—and on the truth of this contention at least there appears to be no dispute—they strike, regardless both of this fact and of the Arbitration Court's award.

What, then, is the object of the strike? It has at the time of writing the 100 per cent., or almost 100 per cent., support of the busmen and the active sympathy and co-operation of the Trades Union Movement as a whole. It is also apparently approved by the Labour Party in Parliament, Her Majesty's official Opposition. Its real purpose—and it may well soon be followed by other and more serious strikes of a similar nature—would appear to be political; to ensure that wages shall continue to rise every year regardless of whether those responsible for paying them are earning, at existing price-levels, the wherewithal to pay them. For it is the essence, though not the declared aim, of this industrial policy—if it can be called a policy—that price-levels

should rise and continue to rise, for only by this means can the steady and naturally popular increase in wages continue. Those who oppose this process point out that it is of no benefit to the workers at all, seeing that, so soon as their wages rise, prices inevitably rise and in the same ratio. This is largely true, but not perhaps entirely true, as it is not industrial wages so much that lag behind rising prices—the all-powerful Trades Unions see to that—as the incomes of the professional classes and of pensioners and retired persons generally. There is consequentially a gradual transference of purchasing-power from the old and from the unprotected and unorganised middle-classes to the industrial proletariat, and particularly to the younger wage-earners, and, paradoxically enough, to the possessors of equity property—of very rich industrial, financial and landowning

corporations or individuals, all of whom tend to benefit more by the inflationary rise in capital values than they lose by the rise in the prices of consumer goods. But, as they have no great reserves behind them, the "squeeze" exercised by the recurrent wage demands of Organised Labour on doctors, clergymen, retired majors, small rentiers, pensioners, and the like, is gradually yielding less and less, and the effect of wage-rises is accordingly being increasingly passed on to the wage-earners themselves. If this diagnosis is actuarially correct, and I believe it to be, the Government is probably right, even on this ground alone, in arguing that it is to the interest of the workers generally that inflation should be halted and at a moment when, but for these recurrent and cumulative wage demands, the price-level is tending to remain constant or even to fall. Unfortunately Party feeling and deep-seated social discontents and jealousies that have their roots in a long unhappy past prevent any general acceptance of this view, and a nation, which is dependent on foreign trade and is only just earning its keep, is

in danger of economic disaster brought about by entirely unnecessary and almost entirely purposeless industrial strife. Organised Labour, despite its titanic power, is almost certain now to lose more than it gains by strike action; it may thereby gain a still great proportion of the national income, but it will inevitably diminish that income to such an extent as to eliminate in real purchasing power what it nominally gains. This is the Trades Union leaders' dilemma, and it is going to grow, not diminish. What is needed to-day is a co-operative effort by the Unions, the employers of Labour—nationalised corporations and private companies alike—and the Government to establish a wage structure based on a stable price-level and allowing, not for automatic general wage increases every year, but for those individual increases which all employees who give long and honest service ought to receive for the cumulative value of their work. It is the lack of this, and of a proper recognition of the claims of skill and long service, which, I suspect, lie, together with inflation, at the root of our present industrial malaise.



## DOCTOR FUCHS COMES HOME: LONDON'S AND SOUTHAMPTON'S GREETING.



AT SOUTHAMPTON: DR. FUCHS, ACCOMPANIED BY THE MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON, MAKES HIS WAY TO THE CIVIC RECEPTION, AMID A CHEERING CROWD.

ON the morning of May 12 the liner *Rangitoto*, bringing Dr. Fuchs and members of the expedition which made the first land crossing of the Antarctic continent, docked at Southampton; and Dr. Fuchs and his men were greeted on landing by civic dignitaries and taken through a cheering crowd to a civic reception. After this they travelled by special train to London, where among those to greet them at Waterloo was the Earl of Home, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. After this meeting the party went in a procession of eight cars (in the first of which rode Dr. Fuchs, Jon Stephenson, Hannes La Grange and George Lowe) via the Strand, the Mall and Constitution Hill to the headquarters of the Royal Geographical Society in Kensington Gore. On May 15 Dr. Fuchs and his companions were to be received at Buckingham Palace by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, an occasion during which Dr. Fuchs was to receive the accolade of knighthood.



DR. FUCHS' PROCESSION STARTS FROM WATERLOO STATION WITH THE PLAUDITS OF THE CROWD AND A BANNER GREETING CARRYING A GRIM REFERENCE TO THE BUS STRIKE.



## AT THE END OF HER CARIBBEAN TOUR: PRINCESS MARGARET IN BRITISH HONDURAS; AND HOME AGAIN.



AT NEWTOWN BARRACKS, BELIZE: PRINCESS MARGARET PRESENTING NEW STAFFS OF OFFICE TO THE ALCALDES (HEADMEN), WHO HEAR MINOR CIVIL CASES IN OUT-DISTRICTS.



ON HER FIRST FULL DAY IN BELIZE: PRINCESS MARGARET RIDING PAST SCHOOLCHILDREN, 7500 OF WHOM ATTENDED A RALLY AT NEWTOWN BARRACKS.

ON May 2 Princess Margaret arrived in British Honduras; she was the first member of the Royal family to visit the colony. The streets of Belize, the capital, were gaily decorated in her honour and the Government declared two days as public holidays so that all might enjoy the royal visit. She was welcomed by the Governor, Sir Colin Thornley, and before entering Belize was presented with the keys of the city and given a civic welcome by the City Council. On May 3 the Princess fulfilled a number of engagements in Belize before leaving for Sergeant's Caye, a tiny coral island, where she spent

[Continued below.]



DURING THE ALCALDES CENTENARY CEREMONY: PRINCESS MARGARET TALKING TO THE CHIEF JUSTICE, MR. C. DE L. INNISS.



RETURNING TO BELIZE AFTER A DAY SPENT RELAXING ON A TINY CORAL ISLAND: PRINCESS MARGARET, INFORMALLY DRESSED AND WEARING A GAY HEAD SCARF.



A FORMAL OCCASION AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE: PRINCESS MARGARET, IN A RICHLY-EMBROIDERED GOWN, SEEN BEFORE ATTENDING A STATE DINNER AND RECEPTION.



HOME AGAIN AFTER HER HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL TOUR OF THE WEST INDIES: PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE QUEEN, WHO GREETED HER AT LONDON AIRPORT ON HER RETURN ON MAY 7.

[Continued.] the next day relaxing. On May 5 the Princess attended a parade of fraternal and other societies and presented new staffs of office to the Alcaldes (headmen). In the evening there was a State dinner and a large reception at Government House. On May 6, after a busy last-day schedule and a drive through the capital, she left by air for Nassau on her way home. When she reached London Airport in a *Britannia*, just before 7.15 p.m. on May 7, the Queen was waiting to greet her at the end of her 11,000-mile tour. The Princess later dined with the Queen at Buckingham Palace.



## FROM NEW PLAYING FIELDS TO "MY FAIR LADY": ROYAL EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND IN BELFAST.



(Left.)  
AFTER SEEING "MY FAIR LADY": THE QUEEN TALKING WITH REX HARRISON. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

On May 5 the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, went to see "My Fair Lady" at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, where it opened recently. The performance was also seen by Princess Alexandra. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh afterwards met members of the cast.



(Right.)  
IN THE ROYAL BOX: THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA WHEN THEY SAW "MY FAIR LADY."



DURING HER VISIT TO KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, WITLEY: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MOTHER TALKING TO A PUPIL IN THE DOMESTIC SUBJECTS BLOCK.

On May 5 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited King Edward's School, Witley, Surrey, of which her Majesty is President. Accompanying the Queen Mother on her visit to the domestic subjects block was the Headmaster, who is seen to the right in the photograph.



AT KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, WITLEY: THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH THE HEADMASTER, LEFT, AND THE TREASURER, PASSING THE SANATORIUM.



DURING HER VISIT TO NORTHERN IRELAND: THE QUEEN MOTHER IN BELFAST, WHERE SHE OPENED A DEEP-WATER WHARF AND TRANSIT SHED.

On May 9, during her three-day visit to Northern Ireland, the Queen Mother went to Belfast, where she opened an important new deep-water wharf and transit shed at the Harbour. Her Majesty later attended a performance of the Royal Ballet in Belfast.



AT WANSTEAD FLATS, ESSEX: THE OVER-ENTHUSIASM OF CROWDS OF SCHOOLCHILDREN PREVENTS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH INSPECTING NEW PLAYING FIELDS.

During his visit to Wanstead Flats, Essex, on May 8, the Duke of Edinburgh was prevented from making a tour of new playing fields because his way was blocked by large crowds of enthusiastic schoolchildren. The Duke was finally "rescued" by six policemen.



MANY of the debates in the House of Lords reach a high standard, and few of them a higher one than those devoted to the subject of defence. It is a pity that they are ill reported, when reported at all, except in two or three daily newspapers. The reason is the decrease in the powers of the Upper House, which makes many of the motions for papers more or less abstract discussions, not to the taste of the popular Press or, we may suppose—though we cannot be sure—of its readers. The debate of May 7 on air power on the motion of Lord Balfour of Inchrye was a good example of the instructed criticism in which the Lords often excel the Commons. Other students of the subject who spoke included two former Secretaries of State, Lord Swinton and Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, as well as Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder.

The criticism was diverse, but the main thread was clearly to be seen. The missile programme did not appear to be going as fast as had been expected; this increased the importance of the deterrent weapon delivered by a manned bomber aircraft; none the less, we not only possessed no supersonic bomber but had decided not to expend the funds needed for research and development on such an aircraft; the drop in the importance of the fighter appeared to have been, at least temporarily, arrested, yet we had been officially informed that the *Pr* was the last fighter; more *Pr*'s had been ordered, but the statement of the Minister of Defence on the cessation of research and development on supersonic bombers applied also to fighters.

The conclusion to be drawn from assembling these points was that a gap in the production of armaments had appeared or was in prospect and that had brought about, or would bring about, a gap in defence. The reply of the chief Government spokesman, Lord Selkirk, First Lord of the Admiralty, was that he had no reason to believe that the missile programme was going worse "than had been expected last year," but these words sounded less comforting when he added that last year's expectations had not been precise. As regards the *Pr* he said that there had never been any question but that a new fighter would be wanted; the only question was whether the *Pr* was the right one, and when that had been made clear it was ordered. It was early to talk of a successor before we had the *Pr*.

The most interesting and effective of Lord Selkirk's remarks were on the subject of the development going on now and to be continued into the near future with the types of aircraft we already had. He made it clear that the situation was not that of an advance by bounds with lengthy pauses between them. There was a continuous flow of movement. The *Vulcan* had hardly come in, and the *Vulcan II* would be a considerable development on the *Vulcan I*. Here he was speaking in terms of the present and immediate

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. IS THERE A HIATUS IN U.K. AIR DEFENCE?

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

future. A little further ahead was the *Pr*, which would also be the subject of a great deal of development in the future.

Everyone agrees nowadays that it is necessary to look a good long way ahead as well as immediately, though there may be lack of agreement as to what constitutes "a good long way." The Air Ministry, as well as the Admiralty and the War Office, ought to look further ahead than the Government as such because the latter's policy is in great part influenced by ideas coming from the former. Evidence appeared in the debate that this had been the case only the day before, when an R.A.F. conference about which critics had spoken had been looking forward about twelve years in

### A GERMAN LUFTWAFFE CEREMONY.



DURING THE SPEECH BY THE WEST GERMAN DEFENCE MINISTER: THE SCENE AT THE TAKING-OVER CEREMONY BY THE LUFTWAFFE FROM THE U.S. AIR FORCE OF NEUBIBERG AIR BASE, NEAR MUNICH.

On May 5 the West German Luftwaffe officially took over from the United States Air Force the air base at Neubiberg, where the German 61st Air Transport Wing is now based. In the background of this photograph—taken during the speech by the Defence Minister, Herr F. J. Strauss—are seen the Wing's French-built *Noratlans* transports (on the right) and their U.S.-manufactured *C-47* transports. Neubiberg was the last large United States air base in Bavaria.

defence policy. Six to eight years would normally suffice for Government policy even to-day, though not so long back six proved inadequate.

One factor which many highly intelligent laymen fail to grasp is that of the time and cost of research and development in aircraft. He may find it easier to understand this factor in terms of missiles, especially long-range. What colossal sums the Americans have put into both! And in the case of the missiles they have as yet not reached their goal. Apparently the sum of £109,000,000 allotted for research and development to the Ministry of Supply allows nothing for work on a supersonic bomber. It still sounds a big figure, but it is not really so in this field. To drive the Welfare State and defence in nuclear war as a pair in the barouche of Government policy and finance will never be easy for the coachman.

Then there is the big complication: what is the value of conventional weapons? Nothing at

all, said many people a little while ago. Now quite as many, perhaps in some cases the same people, say we cannot have enough. The Germans, on second thoughts, are going in for fighters as well as bombers, yet one would have said that if there were one country in which the choice was between no war and nuclear war it was the Federal

Republic. I confess I take a certain degree of comfort in the fact that our V-bombers can serve a double purpose and prove valuable in either kind of war. And when I learnt how long in the tooth were some of the naval aircraft which covered the parachutists and Marines at Port Said I wondered if more up-to-date ones would prove as sharp in the tooth.

Government spokesmen do not tell lies on these occasions, but they do not always rush in with certain truths. They do not care about denying speculative statements even when they could, because, as Lord Selkirk remarked, a denial may be informative. Far from criticising these practices, I could wish they were more thorough. This country and the United States, to satisfy

democracies—often to satisfy their Press and prevent it from alleging that they are remiss—give away a lot that must be very interesting to the other side, which for its part gives away precious little, except by mistake. Yet military secrecy is strong enough to prevent a time-gap in defence from being known, if it existed. I think there may well be one at the moment.

The above is mostly a survey of views. I will try in my closing lines to put some of my own. Like it or lump it, we are in a phase of military retrenchment, which has certainly been causing anxiety to the Chiefs of Staff. Now they are making what they can get go as far as possible. In these circumstances a temporary gap would be unhappy but not a catastrophe, in view of the power of the United States. I agree with Lord Balfour of Inchrye that the

doctrine of "leave it to the United States" would be wrong, but it is, I am sure, not the long-term Government policy. I believe that, though the consequences of a nuclear war are infinitely more terrible than those of conventional, the latter is the more likely.

As I have said, a short time ago many or even most people believed that all but the deterrent weapon might be scrapped without undue loss. Those of us who opposed this belief had hard work. Perhaps we all contributed our mite. Anyhow the doctrine has weakened so much that there may be a danger of ideas running too far in the opposite direction. The balance is not easy to maintain and the weights we can put into either side of the scale are relatively small. The overmastering peril is, of course, extinction in nuclear war. Yes, but defeat might come, more slowly, less sensationally, less painfully, and less obviously, but still decisively, in cold war, little war, nationalist propaganda, and their infinite combinations. Such is the problem we face.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



FRANKFURT, WEST GERMANY. CURIOUS, BEAUTIFUL AND RARELY, IF EVER, SEEN IN CAPTIVITY: TWO ZEBRA-ANTELOPES LATELY BROUGHT BACK FROM LIBERIA BY LUHRIG TO FRANKFURT ZOO.



ISRAEL. OPENED BY MR. ISAAC WOLFSON, THE BRITISH INDUSTRIALIST, ON MAY 8: THE SEAT OF THE CHIEF RABBINATE OF ISRAEL IN THE ISRAEL SECTOR OF JERUSALEM. MR. WOLFSON GAVE MOST OF THE COST OF THE BUILDING.



GREECE. KISSING THEIR NATIVE SOIL IN JOY: SOME OF THE FIFTY-NINE GREEK POLITICAL AND MILITARY PRISONERS, WHO WERE RELEASED FROM ALBANIA AFTER EIGHT YEARS IN COMMUNIST CAPTIVITY.



LUCAS HEIGHTS, AUSTRALIA. MR. MENZIES (SECOND FROM LEFT) AT THE OPENING OF "HIFAR"—AUSTRALIA'S FIRST NUCLEAR REACTOR—NEAR SYDNEY ON APRIL 18. "HIFAR" (High Flux Australian Reactor), Australia's first nuclear reactor, has cost £A1,000,000 and has been built by Head Wrightson Processes Ltd. at the Atomic Energy Commission's research establishment at Lucas Heights, near Sydney.



ROME, ITALY. WEARING THEIR NEW, HIGHER HELMET, WHICH CLOSELY RESEMBLES THOSE OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE: ITALIAN TRAFFIC POLICE. IT REPLACES A WIDER-BRIMMED TYPE.



BRITISH COLUMBIA. A VERY LONG AND FASCINATING TOTEM-POLE, MADE BY INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, AWAITING SHIPMENT TO BRITAIN AT VICTORIA. IT IS TO BE GIVEN TO THE QUEEN IN CONNECTION WITH THE BRITISH COLUMBIA CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS. BEFORE THE POLE LEFT VICTORIA, INDIANS PERFORMED A DANCE TO DRIVE AWAY EVIL SPIRITS.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



(Left.)

**FINLAND.** FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FINLAND'S HISTORY: A WOMAN, FRU TYTNE LEIVO-LARSSON, HEADS THE CABINET IN THE ABSENCE FROM THE COUNTRY OF THE PRIME MINISTER.

On May 6, for the first time in Finland's history, a woman headed the Cabinet when the Prime Minister, Mr. Kuuskoski, left for Minnesota's centenary celebrations. Fru Tyyne Leivo-Larsson, who is Deputy Prime Minister, took his place. Our photograph shows Fru Tyyne Leivo-Larsson, with her male colleagues, at the first Cabinet meeting after the Premier's departure. The Finnish Foreign Minister, Mr. P. J. Hynninen, is seated (right).



**ARGENTINA.** AFTER BEING SWORN-IN AS CONSTITUTIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE: DR. ARTURO FRONDIZI. On May 1 Dr. Frondizi took the oath of office as President of Argentina for a term of six years. He was sworn-in at a joint session of Senators and Deputies elected to provide Argentina with a constitutional Government after two years of General Aramburu's provisional revolutionary administration.



**CANADA.** DEDICATED AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD IN TORONTO'S PROSPECT CEMETERY ON MAY 4: A TALL STONE MARKING THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF THE SEVENTY-NINE VICTIMS OF LAST AUGUST'S AIR CRASH AT ISSOUDUN, QUEBEC.



**SWITZERLAND.** RECENTLY SHOWN TO THE PRESS AT ZURICH: TWIN ROCKET ASSEMBLIES WHICH FORM PART OF A BATTERY OF GROUND-TO-AIR ROCKETS WHICH ARE FIRED FROM MOBILE BASES AND CAN BE SET UP IN THIRTY MINUTES.

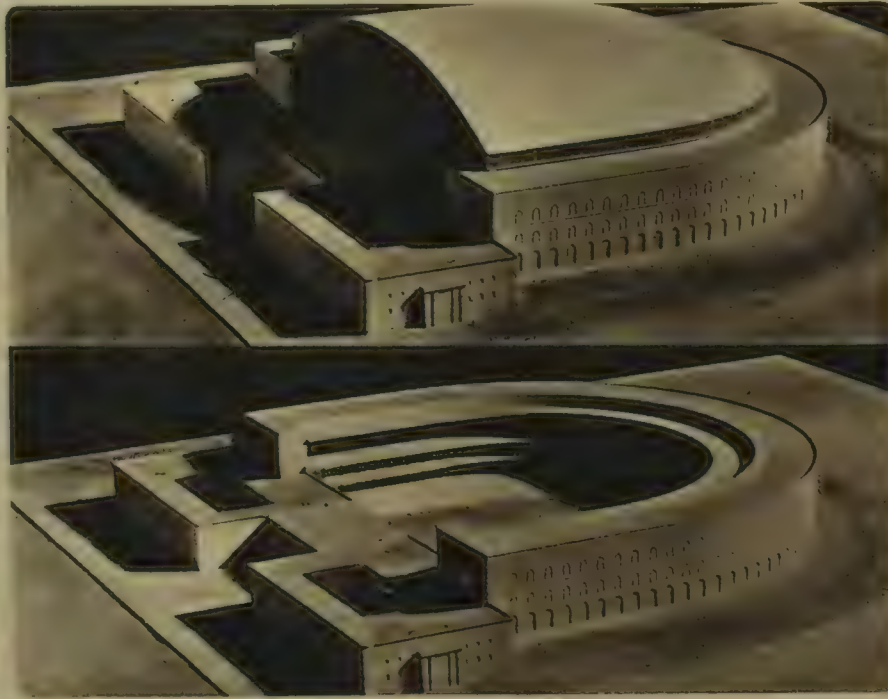


**CANADA.** "DON'T BE 'WOODEN-HEADED.' DRIVE CAREFULLY. YOU'LL LIVE TO ENJOY THE SCENERY MORE AND LONGER": A GIANT WOODEN HEAD, MADE FROM A 15-FT.-HIGH CEDAR STUMP, PROVIDES AN UNUSUAL AND EFFECTIVE WARNING TO MOTORISTS ON A BRITISH COLUMBIA HIGHWAY.



**PAKISTAN.** AFTER THE RE-ARREST OF SHEIKH ABDULLAH: DEMONSTRATORS MARCHING IN PROTEST THROUGH THE STREETS OF KARACHI.

After the re-arrest, at midnight on April 29, of the former Prime Minister of Kashmir, Sheikh Abdullah, there were demonstrations of protest in Srinagar and elsewhere. In Karachi marchers carried banners bearing slogans such as "Down with Indian Tyranny. Help Our Beloved Leader."



**WEST GERMANY.** DESTINED BY THE NAZIS TO BE A CONGRESS HALL: A HORSESHOE-SHAPED BUILDING WHICH WILL NOW BE BUILT AS A STADIUM FOR NUREMBERG. A huge unfinished building in Nuremberg is going to be completed as a stadium for 90,000 people. Owing to present-day building costs it will be completed without a roof (lower photograph), as with roofing (top photograph) the expense would be prohibitive.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



NEAR DHALA, ADEN PROTECTORATE. A SCENE OF BIBLICAL SIMPLICITY: DHALA WOMEN DRAWING WATER FROM A WELL AT JALILA, TWO MILES FROM THE YEMEN BORDER.



MEN OF THE BUFFS FIRING A MEDIUM MACHINE-GUN DURING ACTION TO CLEAR THE JEBEL JIHAF, THE HIGH GROUND NEAR FORT ASSARIR AND DHALA, OF DISSIDENT TRIBESMEN.

AS reported in our last issue, Mr. Fitzroy Somerset, who had been besieged at Fort Assarir with a group of Aden Protectorate Levies, was relieved on April 30 by British troops (of the Buffs and K.S.L.I.) and Aden Protectorate Levies. The forces which attacked Fort Assarir are said to have been tribesmen from both sides of the Aden-Yemen border, armed from the Yemen and containing a number of uniformed Yemeni troops, who are supporting the claim of the Pretender to the Sultanate of Dhalah. Following this British troops began clearing the high ground to the west in the Jebel Jihaf; and after these were fired on from heavy machine-guns sited inside Yemen territory, Venom aircraft of the R.A.F. on May 6 made rocket and cannon attacks on the Yemeni barracks near the town of Qataba, although the town itself, which is a mile or so inside Yemen, was not attacked. A heavy explosion was caused, and it is believed that an ammunition dump was hit. This is the first time that the Yemeni barracks have been attacked by British aircraft.



A PLATOON OF THE KING'S OWN SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY MOVING UP TO THE FORT AT FORT ASSARIR AFTER THE RELIEF.



AT FORT ASSARIR, WHERE HE WAS BESIEGED, MR. FITZROY SOMERSET (LEFT) AND HIS ASSISTANT TALKING TO LIEUT.-COLONEL BANCROFT (CENTRE) AFTER THE RELIEF.



THE EMIR OF DHALA POINTING TO THE SCENE OF AN ACTION FOR THE BENEFIT OF (RIGHT) LIEUT.-COLONEL BANCROFT, OF THE K.S.L.I., AT FORT ASSARIR.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



FRANCE. AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF PICASSO PAINTINGS IN HER PARIS APARTMENT: MME. MARIE CUTOLLI SHOWING GRAHAM SUTHERLAND'S DESIGN FOR THE COVENTRY CATHEDRAL TAPESTRY TO M. PINTON, AT WHOSE AUBUSSON FACTORY IT WILL BE EXECUTED UNDER HER SUPERVISION.



MALTA. DURING EXERCISES TO MAKE THE FORCE MORE MOBILE IN CASE OF FURTHER RIOTING: MALTESE POLICEMEN TRAINING IN R.N. HELICOPTERS.

During the recent disturbances in Malta there have been a number of clashes between the police and rioting mobs, and on several occasions the police have been stoned. Since the proclamation of a state of emergency on April 30 by the Governor, Sir Robert Laycock, Maltese policemen have had special training to help them cope with rioting.



AUSTRALIA. AT ADELAIDE AIRPORT: THE UNVEILING OF A STATUE OF THE FIRST MEN TO FLY FROM ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA, ONE OF WHOM WAS PRESENT AT THE CEREMONY.

A statue of the four men who in 1919 first flew from England to Australia was unveiled recently at Adelaide Airport. The fliers, l. to r. on the statue, were Captain (later Sir) Ross Smith, his brother, Lieutenant (later Sir) K. M. Smith, and two Australians—Sergeant J. M. Bennett and Sergeant W. H. Shiers. Mr. Shiers, the only one surviving, was at the unveiling.



FRANCE. AT THE PERE-LACHAISE CEMETERY IN PARIS: THE UNVEILING OF A STATUE COMMEMORATING THE VICTIMS OF HITLER'S MAUTHAUSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP WHERE 154,000 PEOPLE WERE KILLED BY VARIOUS MEANS.



THE NETHERLANDS. ON MAY 3, WHILE QUEEN JULIANA ATTENDED THE SERVICE AT THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL IN AMSTERDAM, MANY DUTCH FAMILIES VISITED THE CEMETERY AT OVERVEEN, WHERE MANY RESISTANCE FIGHTERS WERE BURIED.



THE VATICAN. A RECRUIT TO THE SWISS GUARD, WHICH IS PROBABLY THE WORLD'S SMALLEST AND OLDEST REGULAR ARMY, RAISES THREE FINGERS AS HE TAKES THE OATH. Recruits to the Swiss Guard, which is now 452 years old, were sworn in at the Vatican on May 6, the day always chosen for this purpose and the anniversary of the death of 147 Swiss Guards during the sack of Rome in 1527. The ceremony is held in the Belvedere Court.



# SEEING DARWIN PLAIN—THE COMPLETE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES DARWIN, 1809-1882." EDITED BY HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER NORA BARLOW.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"IN his old age," says his grand-daughter Lady Barlow, "Charles Darwin wrote down his recollections for his own amusement and the interest of his children and their descendants. He finished the main narrative of 121 pages between May and August, 1876, writing as he tells us for an hour on most afternoons. During the last six years of his life he enlarged on what he had already written as fresh memories occurred to him, inserting the sixty-seven further pages of Addenda into their appropriate places. The present edition of the *Autobiography* is a complete transcript of the whole manuscript, now housed in its old leather binding in the Cambridge University Library.

"The *Autobiography* first appeared in print as part of *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, edited by his son Francis and published in 1887 by John Murray, five years after Charles's death, when many omissions were considered necessary."

At the time of the original publication of the *Autobiography*, there was bitter controversy inside Darwin's family—he had ten children—and even the threat of litigation: some people objected to references to religion, and some to references to men. Now that everything is published *in extenso*, it is difficult to understand what the rumpus was about: Charles Darwin, as a thinker, was honest to the core, and, as a man, was utterly free from malice.

It isn't, even with the restored passages, a very long book, but it is a very revealing one. Anybody who reads "The Origin of Species" is bound to come to the conclusion that Darwin was an utterly detached investigator of Nature, who merely wanted to add a few facts to the store of acknowledged facts already accumulated; anybody who has read his amazing book "The Voyage of the Beagle" must be aware of his unmitigated passion for investigation into all animate and inanimate objects on this globe; and those who are familiar with his portraits, especially the later ones of him leaning on a stick, may have conjectured that his theory about our descent from

many ways advantageous to me by keeping up home affections and interests. I remember in the early part of my school life that I often had to run very quickly to be in time, and from being a fleet runner was generally successful; but when in doubt I prayed earnestly to God to help me, and I well remember that I attributed my success to the prayers and not to my quick running, and marvelled how generally I was aided."



CHARLES DARWIN AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-ONE. Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Autobiography of Charles Darwin"; by courtesy of the publisher, Collins.

As a schoolboy he was an all-rounder, though not recognised as such. "I was not idle, and with the exception of versification, generally worked conscientiously at my classics, not using cribs. The sole pleasure I ever received from such studies was from some of the Odes of Horace, which I admired greatly. When I left the school I was for my age neither high nor low in it; and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification my father once said to me, 'You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family.' But my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew, and whose memory I love with all my heart, must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words."

He had when young a passion for poetry, of which he says "I mention this because later in life I wholly lost, to my great regret, all pleasure from poetry of any kind, including Shakespeare." When he was only ten, says he, "I continued collecting minerals with much zeal, but quite unscientifically—all that I cared for was a new named mineral, and I hardly attempted to classify them. I must have observed insects with some little care." Those juvenile expeditions into entomology are described, and they do give premonitions of the great observer. But the young Darwin, always honest, says: "How I did enjoy shooting, but I think that I must have been half-consciously ashamed of my zeal, for I tried to persuade myself that shooting was almost an intellectual employment; it required so much skill to judge where to find most game and to hunt the dogs well."

"After having spent two sessions in Edinburgh, my father perceived or he heard from my sisters, that I did not like the thought of being a physician, so he proposed that I should become a clergyman. He was very properly vehement against my turning an idle sporting man, which then seemed my probable destination." His father, at that time, had no notion about his son's destination, and even thought that he might become a wastrel. Certain clever dons took him out for walks and discussed Natural History, and certain undergraduate friends recognised his superiority. "Certainly I was not aware of any such superiority, and I remember one of my sporting friends, Turner, who saw me at work on

my beetles, saying that I should some day be a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the notion seemed to me preposterous."

But even after that, Darwin had not yet finally dedicated himself to that area of discovery in which Bacon and Aristotle were pioneers. He writes: "I visited Barmouth to see some Cambridge friends who were reading there, and thence returned to Shrewsbury and to Maer for shooting; for at that time I should have thought myself mad to give up the first days of partridge-shooting for geology or any other science."

After that there was no indecision. The job was offered him of going on a five-year trip round the world as Naturalist in H.M.S. *Beagle*. His father resisted it, but his Wedgwood relations supported it, and off he went to bring back one of the best travel books ever written, and an enormous accumulation of scientific data.

That long expedition changed Darwin. He came back having lost his passion for poetry, and his love of shooting; he brought back with him little more than a wealth of observations and a retained belief that man was more than the breath in his body. Darwin always stood in awe of the mysteries of creation; his beliefs changed, but he was always humble and modest.

There are passages of noble and unaffected prose in this book, as there are in "The Voyage of the Beagle." There are very shrewd paragraphs about people whom Darwin met, like Babbage, and Sydney Smith. There are chapters about his secluded life at Down, Beckenham, Kent, when he



CHARLES DARWIN WITH HIS ELDEST CHILD, WILLIAM, ON HIS KNEE.

From a daguerreotype in the possession of Sir Charles Darwin, Cambridge.

cousins of the anthropoid apes may have been suggested to him by glances at his own image in a mirror. But, in this autobiographical sketch, he is revealed as a very human being, a very sensitive one, an Englishman, and even a sportsman. His memories of his school and Cambridge days were acute. His father, a rather overpowering man, lived in Shrewsbury, but he was sent as a boarder to the great local School, and had the best of both worlds: "As the distance was hardly more than a mile to my home, I very often ran there in the longer intervals between the callings over and before locking up at night. This I think was in



ON THE VERANDAH AT DOWN HOUSE; CHARLES DARWIN, AGED SEVENTY-TWO, READY FOR HIS CUSTOMARY STROLL TO THE SANDWALK.

was mostly ill, but to his great good luck, happily married. There is also more than most readers will want about the one-sided row with Samuel Butler, who, like his imitator Bernard Shaw, barged argumentatively into fields of knowledge of which he knew nothing. In the Appendices there are certain letters from Darwin's loving wife, about their differences of opinion. She calls him "My own dear Nigger." And he scribbled on the back of the most beautiful of them:

When I am dead, know  
that many times, I  
have kissed and cried  
over this. C. D.

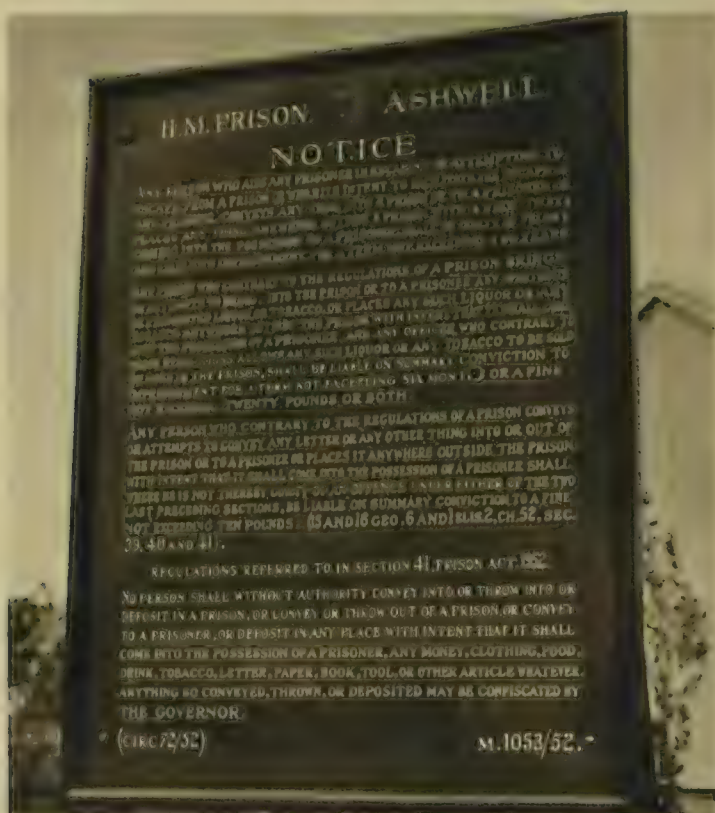
This, I take it, hardly conforms to the general notion of Charles Darwin.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 844 of this issue.

\* "The Autobiography of Charles Darwin, 1809-1882." With original omissions restored. Edited with Appendix and Notes by his grand-daughter Nora Barlow. Illustrated. (Collins; 16s.)



# INSIDE A "PRISON WITHOUT BARS": SIDELIGHTS ON A GREAT EXPERIMENT IN THE REHABILITATION OF THE OFFENDER—MEN AND CONDITIONS AT ASHWELL.



THE NOTICE-BOARD OUTSIDE ASHWELL PRISON, A LOCAL OPEN PRISON OR "PRISON WITHOUT BARS"—A FORMER ARMY CAMP—IN RUTLAND.



THE ENTRANCE TO ASHWELL PRISON. THIS IS ONE OF THE SEVEN LOCAL "OPEN PRISONS" IN ENGLAND AND WALES. IT IS A PERMANENT ESTABLISHMENT, REPLACING IN 1955 TWO TEMPORARY CAMPS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.



PRISONERS AT ASHWELL WORKING ON THE VEGETABLE GARDENS BETWEEN THEIR QUARTERS. SUCH PRISONS ARE DESIGNED TO TRAIN PRISONERS IN SELF-RESPECT AND SOCIAL REHABILITATION.



A LESSON IN REHABILITATION AT ASHWELL, WHERE PRISONERS ARE SEEN HELPING TO BUILD A VOCATIONAL TRAINING CENTRE FOR THEIR OWN BENEFIT IN THE PRISON.



IN THE MODERN KITCHENS AT ASHWELL. HERE ALL THOSE SHOWN—BUT TURNED OR OBSCURED FOR ANONYMITY'S SAKE—ARE PRISONERS, EXCEPT THE WARDER ON THE LEFT.



WHERE THE MIND CAN BE FREE—THE PRISON LIBRARY, WHERE THERE IS A GENEROUS PROVISION OF BOOKS AND AMENITIES FOR THE FULL COMPLEMENT OF 250 PRISONERS.

Our photographs were taken recently in one of this country's local open prisons—Ashwell, near Oakham, in Rutland. An open prison was defined by the First U.N. Congress on the Prevention of Crime and Treatment of Offenders as "characterised by the absence of material or physical precautions against escape (such as walls, locks, bars, armed or other special security guards), and by a system based on self-discipline and the inmate's sense of responsibility towards the group in which he lives"; and this type

of open institution was then considered "an important step in the development of modern prison systems and represents one of the most successful applications of the principle of the individualisation of penalties with a view to social readjustment." These principles had, however, been recognised, adopted and proved in this country nearly twenty years previously; and there are now, for men, six open local prisons, two open regional prisons and one open central prison. In addition, one open regional prison and one





SLEEPING QUARTERS IN THE ASHWELL "PRISON WITHOUT BARS." ASHWELL WAS FORMERLY AN ARMY CAMP—AND STILL LOOKS VERY LIKE ONE IN MANY WAYS.



MAKING A PURCHASE IN THE PRISON SHOP, WHERE THE WEEKLY POCKET MONEY CAN BE SPENT. NOTE THAT THE PRICE OF CIGARETTES IS GIVEN BY SINGLE CIGARETTES, AS THE AMOUNT OF MONEY AVAILABLE TO PRISONERS IS NEVER VERY LARGE.

corrective training prison provide open conditions within a secure perimeter; and two closed regional training prisons each has an open "satellite" camp for up to about 100 men. For women, there is one regional and one local open prison. The advantages of open prisons are as follows: they provide the best conditions for effecting the primary purpose of imprisonment—viz., the protection of society against crime; their value in mitigating deformative effects and in rehabilitation; and the fact that they are cheaper to construct

and more economical to staff. There are two potential disadvantages: the number of escapes may cause trouble; and escapers may commit offences in the neighbourhood. In practice, neither has materialised: the number of escapes is insignificant—in 1955 thirteen from a daily average of 1413 prisoners in twelve open prisons; and only three cases are known of offences committed or attempted against local inhabitants by escapers. Nevertheless, great care is taken to minimise the risk of such incidents.





TO produce books literally stuffed with erudition and the appropriate illustrations from paper cover to paper cover for the price of 7s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. on out-of-the-way subjects, seems to me an uncommon achievement in a world of wonders. I venture some comments upon two recent Pelican publications. The first, in two volumes, has what one is justified in describing as a somewhat disingenuous title—"Chinese Art."\* Not unnaturally you expect to find in it a survey of the whole field from A to Z. Instead you come to a full stop about the middle of the alphabet, for the author, Mr. William Willetts, apparently loses interest by the time the first Ming Emperor has brought some sort of order out of chaos in the fourteenth century. Indeed, unless I have wholly misunderstood him, he very nearly stops thinking altogether at about that moment, except in his chapter on architecture, on which he has some perspicacious remarks concerning modern trends. As for pottery, he deals with the T'ang Dynasty only, and thus ends his narrative at the very beginning of Chinese experiments in what is surely not the least of their contributions to civilised living.

The title, then, is deceptive and the work as a whole presents a decidedly unbalanced picture of its enormous subject. Moreover, so much space is devoted to highly specialised arguments in which the theories of Chinese and of European commentators on rather trivial points are debated, that the reader is liable to lose heart unless he happens himself to be more than normally enamoured of something resembling mediæval disputation. Such mental acrobatics are no doubt stimulating in their way, but they do not necessarily help us to appreciate works of art which, I take it, is the main object of this particular exercise. Having said that and recorded my opinion of the method adopted, I must also express unqualified admiration for the author's academic grasp of his chosen subjects, for his formidable archæological knowledge, his wide reading and his handling of his complicated material. Once you can accept the limitations he has imposed upon himself and can adapt your mind to his exhaustive analysis of competing theories, you will be well equipped, not necessarily to appreciate the subtleties of Chinese art—for that requires a combination of experience and humility—but to know what other men have said about them, which is one step forward.

Two sections of this extremely detailed study seem to demand special praise. The first is the 120 pages devoted to the histories of lacquer and silk. This chapter is preceded by an admirable account of the political situation at the beginning of our era, when, under the Han rulers, China first became unified and the trade route across Asia to the West was opened. Both lacquer and the

\* "Chinese Art." By William Willetts. A Pelican publication in two volumes with 64 pages of plates and over 100 line drawings. (Penguin Books; 7s. 6d. per volume.)

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### SOME VIEWS ON CHINA AND ISLAM.

remains of silks have been found belonging to this period, and the opinion is expressed that "silk is perhaps China's greatest single contribution to world material culture." Details of the production of lacquer and the technique of lacquering, and of the cultivation of silk worms and the treatment of the silk are described in the most fascinating manner.

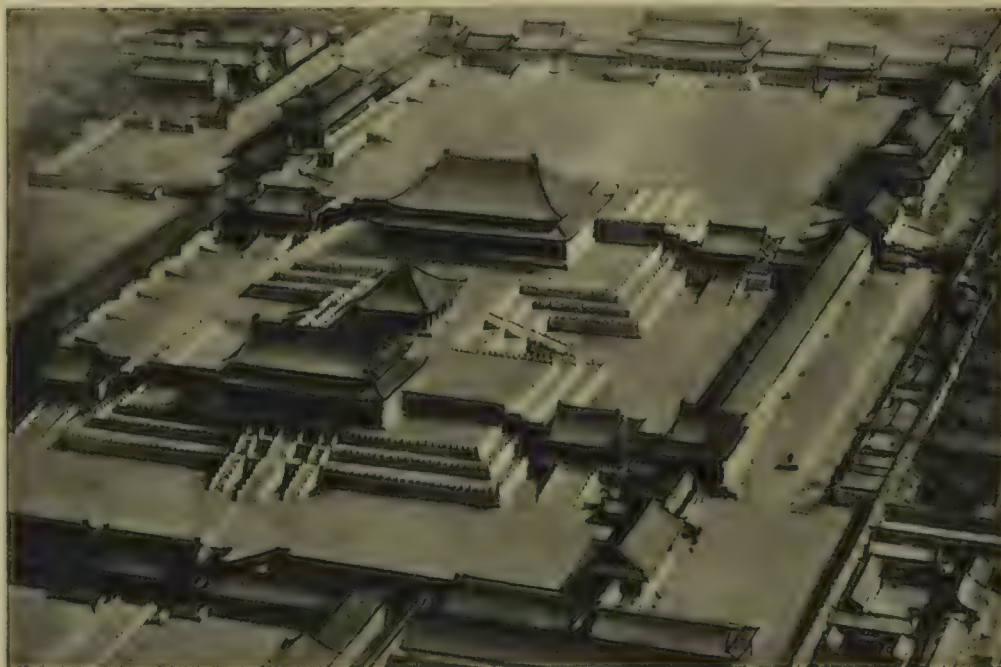
As to architecture, dealt with in the final chapter, the author is so clear in his descriptions and so careful in his explanation of the method of construction that it is something of a shock to discover he has never been to China. You are

impressed that Chinese architecture, where not simply squalid, was a mere picturesque and haphazard interruption of the Chinese landscape."

To sum up; a difficult but fascinating survey of some facets of early Chinese art by an author magnificently equipped with scholarship but not yet sufficiently disciplined to discard inessentials. I look forward to more writings by Mr. Willetts, upon which a pruning knife has been used, and in which sentences such as the following are not to be found: "Concerning the educability of the eidetic faculty, an obvious possibility is that for many Chinese artists it may never have been allowed to fall into disuse." Such language is better left to Mandarins, to be criticised in due course in the Gowers Report and by Sir Alan Herbert.



THE GREAT MOSQUE AT QAIRAWAN, FROM THE MINARET: ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THIS NINTH-CENTURY MASTERPIECE IN K. A. C. CRESWELL'S "EARLY MUSLIM ARCHITECTURE," WHICH IS THE SECOND OF THE NEW PELICAN PUBLICATIONS REVIEWED IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK BY FRANK DAVIS.



THE THREE GREAT HALLS, SAN TA TIEN, IN THE FORMER FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKING: AN ILLUSTRATION FROM VOLUME 2 OF THE PELICAN PUBLICATION "CHINESE ART," BY WILLIAM WILLETTS, WHICH HAS AN ESPECIALLY INTERESTING FINAL CHAPTER ON CHINESE ARCHITECTURE.

convinced, none the less, that few men could be better guides to Peking than he.

The subject is evidently one of his major enthusiasms and he derives considerable enjoyment from demolishing such Western theories as that the curved roof perpetuates memory of the time when the Chinese lived in tents—to which the answer is that the curved roof was not an original feature of Chinese wood architecture, nor is there any evidence that the Chinese ever lived in tents, let alone tents shaped like ours. "No aspect of Chinese material culture has been more neglected in the West than its architecture. . . . Probably blame should be laid chiefly at the doors of casual visitors to China, who, during the last hundred years or so, have generally managed to give the

decoration. The early buildings, for example, grew out of Hellenism because the Umayyad dynasty was centred in Damascus. When the Khalifate moved to Baghdad the result was like that of the transfer of the Empire from Rome to Constantinople. Eastern influence became dominant. In Spain alone the Syrian tradition remained because the last survivor of the Umayyad family fled there, together with thousands of Syrian refugees. There are about sixty plans and drawings in the text and seventy-two photographs of the buildings themselves, remarkably detailed and impressive in spite of the modest size of the pages.

† "A Short Account of Early Muslim Architecture," By K. A. C. Creswell. A Pelican publication with 72 plates and over 60 drawings. (Penguin Books; 8s. 6d.)



## THREE LONDON EXHIBITIONS.



"VACHES S'ABREUVANT, PAYSAGE D'AUTOMNE": A STRIKING WORK OF ABOUT 1840 BY JULES DUPRÉ (1811-1889) IN THE FOURTH ANNUAL BARBIZON SCHOOL EXHIBITION AT THE HAZLITT GALLERY, 4, RYDER STREET. (Oil on canvas: 21 by 29½ ins.)



"EIGHTS WEEK AT OXFORD, 1934," BY PAUL MAZE: IN THE LARGE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK WHICH CONTINUES AT THE O'HANA GALLERY, 13, CARLOS PLACE, UNTIL JUNE 7. (Oil on canvas: 23½ by 36 ins.)



"THE BROTHERHOOD OF SEAMEN": ONE OF THE FORTY-FIVE OIL PAINTINGS IN THE ARTHUR J. W. BURGESS MEMORIAL EXHIBITION, WHICH IS AT THE R.W.S. GALLERIES, 26, CONDUIT STREET, UNTIL MAY 24. (Oil on canvas: 40 by 65 ins.) (Lent by the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.)

FOR their fourth annual Barbizon School Exhibition the Hazlitt Gallery have collected some forty paintings. Antoine Chintreuil and Charles François Daubigny are both shown in a variety of moods, the latter's "*La Vigne*" being an exceptionally vivid sketch which, though painted in or before 1863, looks forward to the Impressionist methods. Diaz, Dupré, Harpignies and Rousseau are all well represented, and there are three delightful little examples by Lépine. Born in Normandy in 1887, Paul Maze has spent most of his working life in this country. His French origins are often strongly reflected in his gay and colourful vision of familiar English scenes. There are some ninety oil paintings and seventy pastels and water-colours in the retrospective exhibition of his work at the O'Hana Gallery. Arthur J. W. Burgess, the well-known marine painter, who died in 1957, was born in Australia in 1879 and came to this country in 1901. The Memorial Exhibition at the R.W.S. Galleries includes works ranging in date from 1904 to 1954.

## OLD MASTERS AT COLNAGHI'S.

THERE are twenty-seven paintings in Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi's Exhibition of Old Masters, which continues at 14, Old Bond Street, until the beginning of June. The Italian School is especially well represented. There are two examples by Francesco Solimena, who was immensely influential in his day and had a great number of pupils. His work is to be seen in most of the churches of Naples, near which he was born in 1657, and where he died ninety years later. A pair of expressive storm scenes, one on land and one at sea, by Marco Ricci (1676-1729), show this artist's debt to Magnasco. The outstanding Italian work is Tintoretto's "*Pride*," a strong painting of about 1580. In addition to the Joli and the Guardi shown here the Italian School is also seen in works by Carbone, Crespi, Giuseppe Chiari, Michelangelo Cerquozzi, and Pier Francesco Mola. The four French paintings are the important "*Landscape with Hagar and the Angel*," by Claude, a delightful landscape by Fragonard, and examples by Vernet and Jean-François Millet, called Francisque. There are four paintings by Dutch masters—landscapes by Jan Asselyn and Johan Lagoor, and portraits by Adriaen van der Werff and Herman van der Myn. The English School is represented by three paintings—landscapes by Linnell and Wilkie, and a study of a tree by Constable. Finally there is one example—the van Cleef shown here—of the Flemish School.



"A PROCESSION IN NAPLES," BY ANTONIO JOLI (c. 1700-1777), WHO WAS IN NAPLES FROM 1762 ONWARDS. THIS SCENE IS THOUGHT TO SHOW THE CHRISTENING OF THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE, CARLO TITO, WHO WAS BORN IN 1775. (Oil on canvas: 48½ by 80½ ins.)



"CAPRICCIO WITH A BRIDGE AND RUINED TOWER": A DELIGHTFUL WORK BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793) IN THE DISTINGUISHED EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY OLD MASTERS AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S. (Oil on canvas: 9 by 12½ ins.)



"A VIEW OF ROME, OVERLOOKING THE BELVEDERE GARDENS AND THE VATICAN," BY HEINDRICH VAN CLEEF (c. 1525-1589). SIGNED WITH MONOGRAM AND DATED 1589, BUT PROBABLY COMPOSED FROM EARLIER DRAWINGS. (Oil on panel: 21½ by 40 ins.)





HIGGINS' STUDY: HIGGINS TELLS MRS. PEARCE (BETTY WOOLFE) TO BUNDLE ELIZA OFF TO THE BATHROOM WHILE COLONEL PICKERING LOOKS ON (BELOW).



AT ASCOT: THE ELEGANT ELIZA STANDS BETWEEN HIGGINS AND FREDDY (LEONARD WEIR); SEATED (RIGHT) IS MRS. HIGGINS (ZENA DARE).



"THE BALLROOM OF THE EMBASSY. SUMPTUOUS. DECOROUS": THE QUEEN OF TRANSYLVANIA (MARGARET HALSTAN) PAUSES TO ADMIRE ELIZA.

#### "MY FAIR LADY" IN THE WORLD OF 1912: SCENES FROM ONE OF THE

With the world now divided, on both sides of the Atlantic, into those who have, and those who have not yet seen "My Fair Lady," one thing is certain, and that is that this great musical play, based on Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion," has been hailed unanimously in London as one of the most beautiful shows

in years. Even those who feared that a play which had been subjected to so much advance publicity might prove a disappointment have greeted it with ungrudging praise. Shaw's well-known story, of Eliza's metamorphosis from Cockney flower-girl to a great lady, presented here without his characteristic



AT THE COVENT GARDEN FLOWER MARKET: DOOLITTLE (DRESSED FOR HIS WEDDING), SURROUNDED BY FLOWER-GIRLS AND OTHERS SEES HIS DAUGHTER, ELIZA.

#### MOST BRILLIANTLY STAGED MUSICALS LONDON HAS KNOWN FOR YEARS.

anti-romantic twist, owes much of its success as an exquisite musical comedy to the cast led by Rex Harrison as Higgins, Julie Andrews as Eliza and Stanley Holloway as Doolittle. Added to this are Mr. Cecil Beaton's delightful Edwardian costumes, Mr. Oliver Smith's superb sets—four of which

are seen above—Mr. Moss Hart's glittering production, Mr. Alan Jay Lerner's lyrics and Mr. Frederick Loewe's music. As Mr. J. C. Trewin says: visitors to Drury Lane "will be delighted by some of the most creatively imaginative sets . . . and costumes the London stage has known in years."

Photographs by Cecil Beaton.



## FROM FLOWER-GIRL TO "MY FAIR LADY": THE STORY IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



1. OUTSIDE THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: HIGGINS, A PROFESSOR OF PHONETICS, NOTES THE "DEPRESSING AND DISGUSTING SOUNDS" UTTERED BY ELIZA, A FLOWER-GIRL.



2. IN HIGGINS' STUDY NEXT MORNING: HIGGINS PERSUADES ELIZA, WHO WANTS TO "TALK MORE GENTEEL," TO STAY WITH HIM TO LEARN TO SPEAK BEAUTIFULLY.



3. THREE DAYS LATER: DOOLITTLE ARRIVES TO SEE HIGGINS AND DISCUSSES WITH HIM, AND PICKERING (LEFT), WHAT HIS RIGHTS AS ELIZA'S FATHER ARE WORTH.



4. "FOUR... FIVE... SIX": HIGGINS PUTS SOME MARBLES IN ELIZA'S MOUTH BEFORE TELLING HER TO READ A PHRASE AND "ENUNCIATE EACH WORD."



5. "SHE'S GOT IT!": ELIZA HAS CONQUERED "THE RAIN IN SPAIN STAYS MAINLY IN THE PLAIN" AND HIGGINS AND PICKERING PERFORM A TRIUMPHANT DANCE.



6. JOY AND VICTORY: AFTER THEIR WILD AND TRIUMPHANT JIG, HIGGINS, ELIZA AND PICKERING "ALL COLLAPSE BACK UPON THE SOFA ENGULFED IN LAUGHTER."



7. AT ASCOT: HIGGINS, WHO HAS BROUGHT THE EXQUISITELY DRESSED ELIZA, IS HORRIFIED TO HEAR HER TALKING TO HIS MOTHER ABOUT HER AUNT'S FONDNESS FOR GIN.



8. OUTSIDE THE BALLROOM OF THE EMBASSY SIX WEEKS LATER: ELIZA CURTSEYS TO THE QUEEN OF TRANSYLVANIA, WHO HAS PAUSED TO COMPLIMENT HER ON HER BEAUTY.



9. BACK IN HIGGINS' HOUSE AT 3 A.M. THE FOLLOWING MORNING: ELIZA ACCUSES HIGGINS OF NOT CARING WHAT BECOMES OF HER AND WISHES THAT SHE WAS DEAD.



10. AT 5 A.M. THE SAME DAY: ELIZA, WHO HAS RUN AWAY FROM HIGGINS, IS BACK IN COVENT GARDEN, AND FINDS HER FATHER DRESSED FOR HIS WEDDING.



11. IN THE CONSERVATORY OF MRS. HIGGINS' HOUSE LATER THAT DAY: HIGGINS, WHO HAS FOUND ELIZA WITH HIS MOTHER, IS AMAZED BY HER DEFIANCE.



12. THAT EVENING IN HIGGINS' STUDY: ELIZA RETURNS AND HIGGINS, HIDING HIS FEELINGS WITH HIS HAT, DEMANDS TO KNOW WHERE HIS SLIPPERS ARE.

Photographs by Cecil Beaton except Nos. 9, 11 and 12, which are by Douglas Glass.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## ELIZA OF NEW DRURY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ONE of London's new plays is called "Something to Hide." I cannot think of anything less suitable for "My Fair Lady," which entered Drury Lane on perhaps the biggest tidal wave of publicity the theatre has known. True, that would not have disconcerted Bernard Shaw. Remember what he wrote long ago, the beard cheerfully jutting: "I am ashamed neither of my work nor the way it is done. I like explaining its merits to the huge majority who

is an American musical version of "Pygmalion," likely to run for two or three years at Drury Lane. (Twelve months from now, Alec Clunes is to succeed Rex Harrison.) Perhaps I may be forgiven for the assumption. It is more to the point to ask whether Shavians will forgive Mr. Lerner for altering the anti-romantic "romance" to conform to the conventions of a musical play. When I reviewed the last major revival of "Pygmalion" in *The Illustrated London News*, I suggested that a new Hankin might have added to the "Dramatic Sequels" an Eliza-Freddy-Higgins playlet summarised in the couplet:

And will Eliza's wayward feet  
Return again to Wimpole Street?  
Through the years, obstinate  
romantics—used to Cinderella  
finding the Prince—have pre-  
sumed that Eliza must return,  
as a matter of course. But this  
was not Shaw's intention. In  
an essay-epilogue (that no  
theatre programme will print)  
he spoke sternly of our "lazy  
dependence on the ready-mades  
and reach-me-downs of the rag-  
shop in which Romance keeps  
its stock of 'happy endings' to  
fit all stories." And he insisted  
that Eliza would marry Freddy  
Eynsford Hill. Mr. Lerner dis-  
agrees; and I am afraid he has  
the last word. After "My Fair  
Lady" no one will believe Shaw  
again. In effect, Mr. Lerner has  
been a new Pygmalion.

Probably I should not insist  
upon this because so few visitors  
to Drury Lane will worry about

For the ear there are the melodies already famous "I Could Have Danced All Night," "The Rain in Spain," "Wouldn't It Be Lovely?" the singing of Julie Andrews and Stanley Holloway, and the ingenious and successful efforts of Rex Harrison to assure us that he is in full song: an agreeable confidence trick.

Mr. Lerner's text, based more on the film script than the play, is managed very well, and Eliza, whom Miss Andrews acts and sings without the slightest fuss, is allowed her triumphant progress. Did not Shaw once say mischievously that one of the real objects of his play was "to call public attention to the importance of the study of phonetics"? If so, we are never likely now to forget that the rine in Spine sties minely in the pline, and that in 'ertford, 'ereford, and 'ampshire, 'urricanes 'ardly hever 'appen.

I said that Eliza is allowed her full progress. One reservation here. The scene that established "Pygmalion" in the theatre—the tea-party with its catastrophic adjective—is now transferred to a club tent at Ascot, and necessarily broadened. Here broadening means weakening, and in the context the adjective misses its effect. In "Pygmalion" Eliza leaves the stage on her line. In "My Fair Lady," and on a weaker line (which at the première, I fancy, Miss Andrews slightly misjudged) there is a black-out. This does not really come off.

But I refuse to carp any longer (even to go into the matter of Mr. Lerner's lyrics). So much else does come off excitingly. I shall remember the style and spirit of it all, the ripple of the score, Mr. Beaton's black-and-white Ascot, the lilacs and lavenders and mauves, the dusky glow of the flower-market in the morning, Mr. Harrison's easy command of that "very impetuous baby,"

Higgins, in his boorish single-mindedness and (the word has to come) his charm. So there it is, and I realise that I have not mentioned the director's name. A long call, then, for Moss Hart.

What else this week? In "Something to Hide" (St. Martin's) Leslie Sands shows that it is better to tell the truth at once when a friendly inspector, with a Yorkshire accent, calls at your converted toll-house in Essex and passes the time of day. When that happens, go quietly. Mr. Sands's people, with a lot to hide, do not go quietly: they agonise through three acts, and it would be better if we could feel that human beings were agonising: the author here is a too obvious ventriloquist. Still, the untangling is carefully done if you are in a mood to follow it, and Alan Webb's performance of a man amiable but relentlessly searching is worth a visit to the St. Martin's. Mary Kerridge and Michael Gough are, loyally, his victims.

The week's other play, "Quaint Honour" (Arts), in which Roger Gellert considers the sex problem in public schools, seemed to me to be honest, but excessively embarrassing: another of the needless plays. Towards the end I felt like Miss Doolittle: "Say one more word, and I'll scream."



"ALAN WEBB'S PERFORMANCE OF A MAN AMIABLE BUT RELENTLESSLY SEARCHING IS WORTH A VISIT TO THE ST. MARTIN'S": "SOMETHING TO HIDE," SHOWING A SCENE FROM LESLIE SANDS'S PLAY, WITH ALAN WEBB (RIGHT) AS INSPECTOR DAVIES AND MICHAEL GOUGH AS HOWARD HOLT. THE SETTING IS A CONVERTED TOLL-HOUSE IN ESSEX.

don't know good work from bad. It does them good; and it does me good. I leave the delicacies of retirement to those who are gentlemen first and literary workmen afterwards. The cart and trumpet for me."

Good; but, sometimes, excessive use of the cart and trumpet promotes opposition in those trumpeted at; they ram in their heels, or say, much as Eliza Doolittle does, though I hope more gracefully, that they are not—well—walking across the Park. The remarkable fact is that "My Fair Lady," in spite of everything, turns out to be entirely likeable. Or almost: I do enter a mild protest against its lyrics, but it is a small grumble when we realise how dreadful the night could have been, and how splendidly it has turned out. It may not be the best musical play I remember, but it is exceptionally good—we shall hear Frederick Loewe's music over the years—the book has the benefit of a firm Shavian structure, and we are spared the dire incongruities of musical-comedy humour. (I don't think I have been the same man since the low comedian of "The Vagabond King" cried to King Louis, with Villon on the scaffold, "Louis, old boy, it's not done.")

Stanley Holloway's Doolittle, victim of middle-class morality, is a portrait astonishingly solid. The original text is much cut: Doolittle of "My Fair Lady" can be only a hint at that Shavian talker who becomes the most melancholy of golden dustmen. Even so, Mr. Holloway can persuade us, while we are in the theatre, that he is the full man: he takes the stage (in what the librettist, Alan Jay Lerner, calls pleasantly "a tenement section") with a certainty and vigour that at once hold Drury Lane. He seizes the eye and he seizes the imagination—carrying (as Shaw says he must) his "dustmanship" like a banner. G. B. S. would not have complained about him, though I can believe that Mr. Lerner would have had a good many letters (on other topics) in that fine, upright, intensely personal handwriting.

I see that I have been betrayed into a most untidy article. From the first I have assumed that everybody knows about "My Fair Lady," and understands that it



"THE UNTANGLING IS CAREFULLY DONE IF YOU ARE IN A MOOD TO FOLLOW IT": "SOMETHING TO HIDE" (ST. MARTIN'S), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) MISS CUNNINGHAM (ELIZABETH MCKEWEN); STELLA (JACQUELINE GUISE) AND KAREN HOLT (MARY KERRIDGE).

the original play. Visually, they will be delighted by some of the most creatively imaginative sets (Oliver Smith's) and costumes (Cecil Beaton's; period 1912) the London stage has known in years.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"HENRY THE EIGHTH" (Old Vic).—Edith Evans and John Gielgud in the last play of the Folio series. (May 13.)  
"THE CURIOUS SAVAGE" (Birmingham Repertory).—The first professional production in England of a play by John Patrick. (May 13.)  
"THE CHERRY ORCHARD" (Sadler's Wells).—The first of four Moscow Art Theatre productions. (May 15.)



# THE TOMB OF A KING OF PHRYGIA DISCOVERED INTACT: 2700-YEAR-OLD TREASURES FROM THE HEART OF THE GREAT TUMULUS OF GORDION.

By RODNEY S. YOUNG, Ph.D., Field Director of the University of Pennsylvania Museum's expedition at Gordion.

Previous articles by Dr. Young on the excavations at Gordion have appeared in our issues of January 3, 1953, September 17, 1955, and November 10 and 17, 1956.

THE investigation of the greatest of the grave tumuli at Gordion, though enticing, has always presented serious technical problems. Experience in the digging of lesser mounds has shown that the tomb is seldom to be found exactly at centre. Since the biggest tumulus (Fig. 3) stands to a height of about 165 ft. and has a diameter of nearly 800 ft., the University Museum expedition was reluctant to attempt its exploration until a means could be devised for locating beforehand the position of the tomb beneath. This was ultimately done by the use of a light drill. A large number of borings showed the position and extent of the heap of stones customarily piled over a burial of Phrygian times.

It lay at an average depth of 130 ft. below the peak, just to the south-west of centre, and with a diameter of about 100 ft. To clear the tomb by trenching from above to such depth seemed likely to be prohibitive in cost, as well as certain to ruin the tumulus; and therefore it was decided to reach the tomb by means of a tunnel aimed at the centre of the stone-pile. An open trench about 225 ft. long was cut from the edge of the mound, and continued from its inner end by a tunnel of equal length, which brought us to the face of a stone enclosure wall around the tomb. This was built of roughly-dressed blocks of limestone to a height of eight courses, or about 9 ft., above the surface of hard-pan. The wooden tomb chamber lay about 6 ft. inside the enclosure wall, the entire space between filled with stone rubble. The tomb itself was double, an inner chamber constructed of nicely fitted squared timbers, and an outer casing of round logs of juniper. These were piled one on top of the other to a height of nine or ten logs, held in place by the rubble filled in at either side. It would seem that the tomb walls had been built to roof-level during the lifetime of the prospective occupant, and the outer casing and the enclosure wall at the same time, all the space outside the tomb proper being filled with rubble. As the chamber had no door or other means of entrance the burial must have been made from above before the roof was put in place. It was intended to be used only once, and for the burial of a single person—obviously an important one and probably a Phrygian king. After the burial had been made the roof was put on and more rubble piled over it; then finally the tumulus itself was heaped over that to a height of 130 ft. or more. The roof was double pitched, supported at either end on a low triangular gable and at the centre by a third gable carried on long beams spanning the width of the chamber. A platform or raft of logs laid side by side in the rubble to the full length of the tomb and spanning its width served to distribute evenly the huge weight of the stones and earth piled above, and so to relieve the pressure on the roof of the tomb.

The chamber measured about 17 by 20 ft. inside, with a north-south orientation (Fig. 2). The walls were of squared timbers mortised together at the corners and so neatly fitted that many of the joints between are all but invisible (Fig. 7); the tooling of the inner faces, barely visible, suggests a finishing with the adze before sanding. The floor, of squared timbers laid lengthwise, was bedded on a layer of rubble. Radio-carbon tests run on samples taken from the tomb walls have indicated an age of about 2700 years, suggesting that the timber for the tomb was cut in the second half of the eighth century B.C. Some of the objects found may perhaps narrow this

dating to the last quarter of the century on archaeological and historical grounds. Considering its age this unique wooden structure has survived very well. The cross-beams supporting the central gable have cracked (Fig. 7), and one wall has bulged inward under the pressure of the stone packing outside, but otherwise the tomb is in a remarkably good state of preservation.

The dead man had been laid on a four-poster bed beside the north wall of the chamber (Fig. 5). The skeleton was found on its back, the legs extended, the arms along the sides, and the head toward the east. It lay on a coverlet of many layers of linen and woollen cloth of various colours.



FIG. 2. THE ROYAL TOMB IN THE HEART OF THE GREAT MOUND AT GORDION: A DETAILED PLAN TO SHOW THE POSITION OF ALL THE CONTENTS, AS THEY WERE DISCOVERED.

The parallel lines show the juniper planking of the floor. At the top left corner is the bed and the skeleton on it (Fig. 5), with many fibulae (Fig. 8) scattered thereon. There are quantities of fibulae also by the fallen bed-head. Against the east (right) wall are two wooden screens (Fig. 4). In all there are nine three-legged tables (Figs. 6 and 14), collapsed under the weight of bronze bowls. Against the south wall are the three large cauldrons (Figs. 9, 18 and 19). Against the west wall are a number of ewers and bowls; and a quantity of leather flaps with embossed bronze ornament, whose purpose is as yet unknown.

Bronze fibulae at shoulders, elbows, and wrists suggested a sleeved upper garment, while shreds of leather over the legs seemed to be the remains of a skirt decorated above the hem by a band of designs of bronze studs. The skeleton was identified as that of a male between sixty and sixty-five years old at the time of death, and of short stature—his height in life estimated at 5 ft. 2 ins. This was probably a late-eighth-century Phrygian king who died and was buried before the kingdom was overthrown by the Cimmerians in the early seventh century.

The tomb was furnished with nine three-legged tables of wood (Figs. 6 and 14), and two screens beside the east wall (Fig. 4). Along the south wall were three large bronze cauldrons set on iron ring-stands (Fig. 18); in these had been placed pottery vessels containing food and drink



FIG. 1. A MAP OF ASIA MINOR, 2700 YEARS AGO, TO SHOW THE POSITIONS OF PHRYGIA AND LYDIA AND THE RELATION OF GORDION TO ANCYRA (MODERN ANKARA).

for the dead. One hundred and sixty-seven smaller bronze vessels had been placed in the tomb, those with handles evidently hung from rows of iron nails driven into the walls, and those without handles set in stacks on the tables. The iron nails had rusted through in the course of time, and the wooden tables had collapsed (Fig. 6) under the weight of their burdens, so that the floor of the tomb was found littered with the fallen bronzes (Fig. 14). One of the tables, which had stood by the head of the bed, had borne a linen sack filled with 145 bronze fibulae, evidently the personal jewellery of the king. These were of various Phrygian types, the most interesting with double pins shielded by elaborately studded safety catches (Fig. 8). Since we have good evidence for a bronze-working industry already well-established at Gordion by the middle of the seventh century it would seem likely that these fibulae were local products; and the same may be said for the majority of the smaller bronze vessels. Among these were 100 bowls without handles, fallen from the tables. Three were plain and hemispherical; the rest omphalos bowls of differing types: with plain walls, horizontally-ribbed walls, or with petalled decoration in relief (Fig. 13). The handled vessels included jugs with trefoil mouth, spouted jugs, ladles, basins with handles rising from the rim, and deep bowls or small cauldrons with bucket- or ring-handles. Most numerous were shallow ring-handled bowls with ribs reinforcing the rim on the outside. Similar bowls have been found in contemporary tombs at Ankara, somewhat later ones in Cyprus and at Manisa near the Aegean coast, and a mid-sixth-century one is shown in the hand of an ivory statuette from the Artemision at Ephesus. The type would seem to be of Phrygian origin, since the greatest number as well as the earliest examples have been found in Phrygia. Three of the bowls from the Gordion tomb bear inscriptions, not in the bronze itself but scratched on smears of beeswax applied to the rims close to the handles. The wax inscriptions are supplemented by a fourth, a graffiti scratched on the wall of a black-polished

pot. All of the inscriptions are in the Phrygian alphabet. They are brief and can not yet be read; but they prove that some at least of the Phrygians were not illiterate at the end of the eighth century. Two of the bronze vessels are bucket-handled cups, or situlae, in the form of animal heads—a ram, and a lion (Figs. 11-12). Both are of excellent workmanship, the eyes of white paste inlaid with black stone pupils, and with the very finest engraving for the hair of the mane and the wool of the neck. The lion is notably close in style to bronze weights in the form of lions from Khorsabad; and the lion-headed situla form finds its parallels in the reliefs of the palace of King Sargon II at the same place. Since Sargon reigned from 722 to 705 B.C., we can not go far wrong in dating our lion situla, and with it the Gordion tomb,

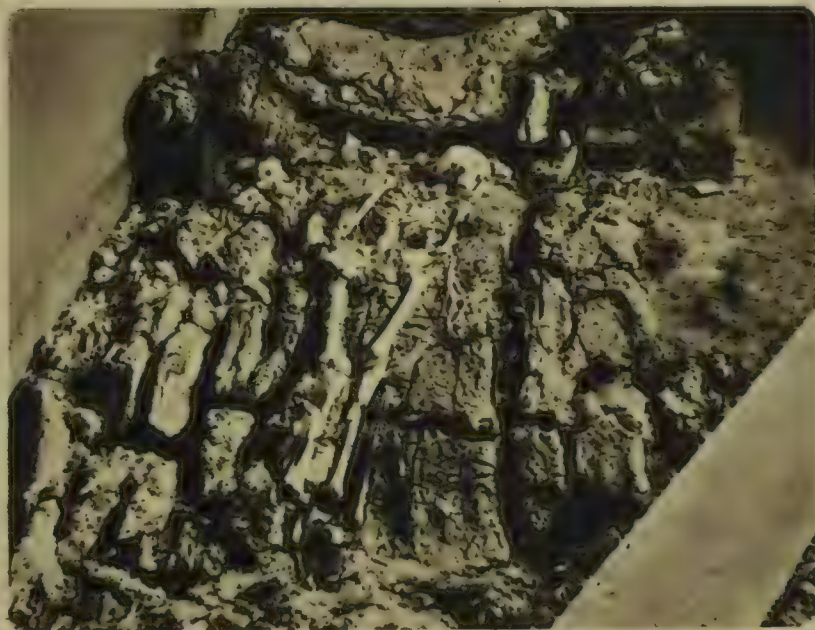
[Continued opposite.]



# THE GREAT TOMB AT GORDION; AND THE TREASURES WITHIN.



(Above.)  
FIG. 3. THE GREAT MAN-MADE TUMULUS OF GORDION FROM THE SOUTH. ON THE TOP CAN BE SEEN THE LIGHT OIL-DRILLING RIG WHICH WAS USED TO LOCATE AND PLOT THE ACTUAL CHAMBER 130 FT. BELOW THE SUMMIT.



(Left.)  
FIG. 5. THE BODY OF THE KING, A SHORT MAN OF SIXTY TO SIXTY-FIVE YEARS OLD, LYING ON THE WOODEN BED. THERE REMAIN TRACES OF MANY LINEN AND WOOLEN COVERLETS, A WOVEN GARMENT FASTENED WITH FIBULÆ, AND A LEATHER SKIRT



FIG. 4. ONE OF THE TWO AMAZINGLY WELL-PRESERVED WOODEN SCREENS FOUND IN THE TOMB. THE INLAY IS PROBABLY OF YEW IN BOXWOOD. TOP LEFT, PART OF THE FRAME OF THE SECOND SCREEN.



FIG. 6. COLLAPSED WOODEN THREE-LEGGED TABLES ON THE TOMB FLOOR AND THE BRONZE BOWLS, WHOSE WEIGHT HAD BROKEN THE TABLES—AS THEY WERE FOUND.



FIG. 7. ONE OF THE GABLES AND PART OF THE ROOF OF THE TOMB, SHOWING THE JOINERY OF THE JUNIPER BEAMS, AND, BELOW, ONE OF THE FEW CRACKED BEAMS.

*Continued.* in his time—the last quarter of the eighth century. The *situlae*, certainly Assyrian in style, may well have been imports rather than local products. Of the three bronze cauldrons, one at least may be of local origin. This is adorned with two handle-attachments in the form of bull-heads (Fig. 9), with swivelling ring-handles fastened at the top of the necks. In many details of style the bull-heads (Fig. 10) differ from the well-known Urartian examples from the Lake Van region, and especially in the sockets for ring-handles; they would seem to be the products of another centre of bronze-working contemporary with the Urartian school and very probably to be located in Phrygia. Each of the other two cauldrons has four attachments for ring-handles. Of one all four attachments are in the form of sirens (Fig. 19),

human heads and shoulders with bird wings and tails, while the other has two normal sirens and two with square beards of Assyrian type (Figs. 15 and 21). All of the sirens, and the two bearded heads, were cast in different moulds, and each has its own individuality (Figs. 15-17, 20, 21). All are elaborately decorated with engraved surface details. Cauldrons of this type have generally been taken to be of Assyrian origin ("Assurattaschen") and certainly the bearded heads, which find close parallels in Assyrian ivories of the time of Sargon, would tend to confirm it. They were evidently exported as separate pieces to be attached to locally-made cauldrons: in the Etruscan Bernardini tomb two siren attachments of Oriental origin were combined on the same cauldron with four of local style. Thus although the attachments of the

[Continued overleaf.]



BROOCHES, BOWLS AND *SITULÆ*:  
PHRYGIAN AND ASSYRIAN BRONZES  
IN THE TOMB OF A PHRYGIAN KING.



FIG. 8. THE MOST INTERESTING TYPE OF BRONZE *FIBULA* FOUND. AT THE FOOT (DETACHED) IS THE STUDDED SAFETY-CATCH, WHICH COVERED THE DOUBLE PIN.



FIG. 9. ONE OF THE THREE GREAT CAULDRONS OF BRONZE. THIS HAS TWO HANDLES WITH BULL'S-HEAD ATTACHMENTS AND IS PROBABLY OF LOCAL PHRYGIAN MANUFACTURE.



FIG. 10. A CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE BULL'S-HEAD HANDLES OF FIG. 9. IN MANY WAYS THESE DIFFER FROM THE WELL-KNOWN URARTIAN TYPES.



FIG. 11. A *SITULA*, OR BUCKET-HANDLED CUP, IN THE FORM OF A RAM'S HEAD: BRONZE, THE EYES BEING BLACK STONE AND WHITE PASTE INLAY. OF ASSYRIAN STYLE.



FIG. 12. THE OTHER *SITULA* FOUND IN THE TOMB—A SNARLING LION'S HEAD, LIKE THE KHORSABAD LIONS. TRACES OF LINEN WRAPPING REMAIN ON BOTH THESE VESSELS.

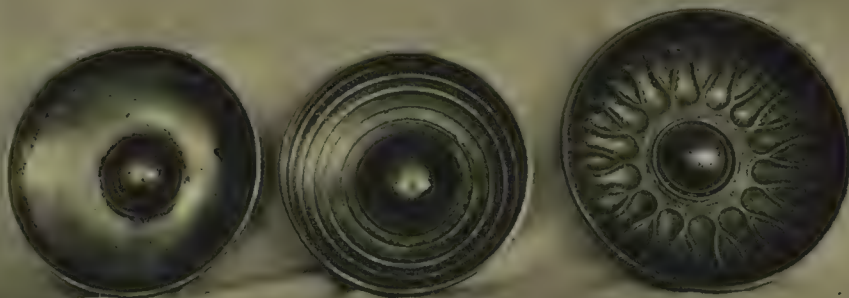


FIG. 13. BRONZE *OMPHALOS* BOWLS OF THREE DIFFERENT TYPES. IN ALL, THE TOMB CONTAINED NINETY-SEVEN *OMPHALOS* BOWLS AND THREE PLAIN HEMISPHERICAL ONES.



FIG. 14. A VIVID IMPRESSION OF THE GREAT WEALTH OF *OMPHALOS* BOWLS AND THE COLLAPSED TABLES. THE POSTS VISIBLE WERE INSERTED BY THE EXCAVATORS.

*Continued.*

Gordion cauldrons were probably imported, the great vessels themselves may well have been of local manufacture. The two wooden screens (Fig. 4) had been set beside the east wall of the tomb. Each was made up from a number of separate pieces fastened together by tongues fitted into sockets and held in place by pegs run through from the front. The front face was decorated, after it had been dowelled together, with elaborate inlaid designs which run across the almost invisible joints between the parts. The screens themselves are of light wood, probably boxwood, and the inlay of dark, probably yew. The designs are geometric, mostly variations on a complicated swastika motif, though the round medallions at the centre are filled with skilfully executed curvilinear decoration. To a frame dowelled to the top at the back of each

screen was attached a single leg ending in a scrolled foot like those at either corner of the front; these legs enabled the screens to stand upright without tipping over backward. We can not be certain of the use of these pieces of furniture; they may have served as throne-backs when cushions or low seats were placed in front of them, or merely as portable screens. The geometric decoration appears to be entirely un-Oriental; like many of the bronzes the screens were doubtless of local production, reflecting a Phrygian geometric tradition of decoration and certainly demonstrating the great skill of the Phrygian cabinet-makers. By the end of the eighth century the Phrygians would seem to have been well advanced in various skills. The hewing and transport of timbers upward of 30 ft. in length; their careful fitting together

*(Continued opposite.)*



## SIRENS THAT SURROUND THE CAULDRONS' RIM: ENGAGING BRONZE FIGURES.



FIG. 15. A BEARDED HEAD, ONE OF THE EIGHT ENGAGING HANDLE ATTACHMENTS WHICH LOOK INTO TWO OF THE GREAT BRONZE CAULDRONS FOUND IN THE TOMB.



FIG. 16. A SIREN-HEAD ATTACHMENT, ONE OF SIX, ALL DIFFERENT, THOUGH ALL HAVE ARMS, WINGS AND SPREAD TAILS ON THE OUTER SIDE OF THE CAULDRON.



FIG. 17. ANOTHER SIREN-HEAD ATTACHMENT. THESE ALMOST CERTAINLY WERE EXPORTS FROM ASSYRIA AND ARE VERY REMINISCENT OF THE IVORIES FOUND AT NIMRUD.



FIG. 18. THE THREE GREAT BRONZE CAULDRONS ON THEIR IRON STANDS, RANGED AGAINST THE PLANKED WEST WALL OF THE TOMB CHAMBER. THE ONE ON THE RIGHT HAS TWO BULL'S-HEAD HANDLES (SEE FIG. 9).



FIG. 19. THE CAULDRON OF THE FOUR SIRENS, AFTER SOME CLEANING. THIS IS THE CENTRAL ONE OF FIG. 18; AND, LIKE THE BULL'S-HEAD CAULDRON, HAD LOST THE LOOSE RINGS FOR THE HANDLES.



FIG. 20. THE BACK OF ONE OF THE SIREN HANDLES FROM THE BOWL SHOWN IN FIG. 19, TO ILLUSTRATE THE FORM AND THE INTRICACY OF ENGRAVING. THE CAULDRON ITSELF WAS PROBABLY OF LOCAL MAKE, THE HANDLES IMPORTED.

[Continued.]

and finishing; the neat mortising to hold them together; all suggest carpenters and builders of the first order. The laying of a raft of timbers in the rubble over the tomb for the purpose of relieving the pressure on its roof suggests an understanding of rather developed engineering principles. The heaping of a mound once more than 165 ft. in height indicates an almost unlimited supply of labour. At the same time, there were careful craftsmen capable of making the most delicate wood inlay, metal workers to cast *fibulae* and to hammer and cast useful vessels of bronze and iron as well as more pretentious ones, and weavers and dyers to fashion cloth of wool and linen. Flax for the linen cloth must have been imported, perhaps from the coast; the bronze *siulæ* and cauldrons indicate relations with, and influence from, Urartu and Assyria. Phrygia was not isolated and can no longer be regarded as a backward hinterland; it was evidently a centre of high civilisation, in contact with other parts of the Oriental world and influenced by them, but retaining always an individual character of its own.



FIG. 21. THE BEARDED FIGURE OF FIG. 15 IN PROFILE. THESE FIGURES, WITH THEIR IRRESISTIBLE SUGGESTION OF "WHAT'S FOR SUPPER?" ARE DELIGHTFULLY ATTRACTIVE.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



**M**OST boys like taking things to pieces to see how they are made. This applies especially to old clocks. And the usual result, when the clock is reassembled, is that enough works are left over to make another clock. Scientists are little better. They also like taking things apart, sometimes with much the same result as the boy with a clock. One experiment, a favourite for at least a century past, has been to press an animal, or a part of an animal, through an extremely fine-meshed silk, thus separating its cells from each other. When thus separated, each cell takes on the form of an amoeba. The fun here lies in watching the cells

### HYDRA AND HEALING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

that one hesitates to do more than mention its name. Nevertheless, it may not be wholly redundant to recall its main features: Less than a quarter of an inch long when contracted, it is capable of extending the body, and more so the tentacles, to much greater lengths. A relative of the familiar sea-anemone, its body is of even greater simplicity, consisting of a tubular sac, fixed at one end and bearing a mouth surrounded by a ring of tentacles at the free end. The wall of the body consists of two layers of cells, an outer layer, or ectoderm, and an inner layer, or endoderm. The cells of these two layers differ quite considerably, the function of the endodermal cells being wholly digestive.

The almost boyish experiments carried out by Trembley have been repeated many times since his day, and much has been learned from them. One aspect of this has a particular interest, that is, the reaction of a hydra to being turned inside-out, so that the digestive cells are on the outside in which position, if it were maintained, the hydra would be unable to feed. The animal solves the problem, not by turning itself outside-in, but by the endoderm cells wandering inwards and the ectoderm cells wandering outwards. That is, instead of the animal as a whole readjusting itself, its component cells carry out this task for it.

In the behaviour of the cells of the lower animals, therefore, we have this remarkable paradox, that each is capable of an independent existence, at least for a while, yet is

capable of co-operating with its fellows in a common aim, and in a manner which should put the members of a human society to shame. The factors that govern this co-operation are, as yet, insufficiently known, and it is enough here merely to record the fact.

The lower animals capable of such wholesale regeneration have this in common, that they lack a brain and if they have a nervous system at all it is of the most meagre kind. Lacking a central nervous control it is essential that the cells should be able to co-operate in this remarkable manner. There is, however, another side to it. As we ascend the animal scale the brain and nervous system become more highly developed and specialised, and correlated with this the ability to regenerate any part of the body grows less. Taking a quick survey we find hydra, and others at the lowest levels, capable of complete regeneration, an earthworm able to re-grow a head or a tail, a crab able to re-grow claws and legs, a lizard its tail, but in the highest animals the only power of re-growth is seen in the healing of wounds.

It used to be thought that there existed another correlation, one, in fact, which seemed partially to explain this loss of the power of healing as the specialisation of the animal was increased. We know that in some of the lower animals cells can wander about inside the body, can change their function and their form, and when

released from the body, whether artificially or naturally, assume the characteristics of a wandering amoeba. In the bodies of higher animals the cells are more static as well as more specialised and it was impossible to believe that a liver-cell could ever become a nerve-cell, and so on. Indeed, this was one of the reasons, so it was supposed, for this loss of the power of regeneration. To a large extent this is still true, but more recent researches have shown that the cells of the higher animals are somewhat less static than was formerly supposed. What is more, when isolated from their fellows they tend to assume the form of an amoeba, as do the cells of lower animals, and, given a nutrient solution in which to feed, are capable not only of survival but of further development.

As recently as 1948 it has been shown that single cells from the specialised tissues of higher animals will, under suitable laboratory conditions, not only survive, by taking in food through the surface, but will divide continually to form populations of cells within the nutrient solution. Moreover, the original cell loses its specialised character and its normal structure, and the cells formed by its subdivision are like it. In such circumstances, therefore, they behave in a similar way to the cells of the lower animals. This means not so much that they have lost the potentialities possessed by cells of lower animals but that when part of a tissue or organ their environment prevents them from exploiting these potentialities. Even within such tissues, cells are now known to change their shape and indulge in restricted movement, not very much but sufficient to upset the old ideas about their static nature.

One of the more interesting features of this recent research is concerned with what is sometimes called the directiveness of the behaviour



A BONELESS—AND BRAINLESS—WONDER OF THE ANIMAL WORLD: A FRESHWATER HYDRA, WITH MUCH ELONGATED BODY AND BUDS, THE MUCH ELONGATED TENTACLES BEING LARGELY OBSCURED BY THE FOREGROUND. (Photographs by Hugh Spencer.)

by means of a microscope, to see them at first wandering about on their own, and later coming together to form several new animals, similar to, but smaller than, the one from which they originated. Such an experiment, in its simpler form, can only be carried out on one of the lower animals, and one which is aquatic. In it, there is an appearance almost of intelligence as we watch the cells giving up their new-found liberty and taking their places in a new organisation, to produce 100 per cent. regeneration.

Several of the lower animals have been the subject of these experiments, notably the freshwater hydra, named after the nine-headed monster of Greek mythology and first discovered by Anton van Leeuwenhoek, who made the first microscope. It was Abraham Trembley, a Swiss tutor resident in Holland, who first put the living hydra through its paces. With quite remarkable skill he was able to cut one of these minute animals into two, four or eight pieces and show that each would grow into a perfect but even smaller hydra. The monster of Greek mythology grew two heads for each one cut off. The living hydra of zoology could do even better. Not only would each piece of the body show total regeneration, re-forming to give a complete if smaller hydra, but the body cut lengthwise would completely heal, if the two halves were brought together. If the two halves were kept apart two hydras would be formed. Trembley went so far as to turn one of these minute hydras inside out, using a bristle to accomplish this seemingly impossible trick. The hydra survived even this drastic treatment. It is not surprising, therefore, that a hydra in a completely natural state should be capable of reproducing itself merely by budding off a part of its own body.

The plant-like hydra is an animal so familiar to students of biology and naturalists generally



LIKE THE HYDRA OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY: THE FRESHWATER HYDRA WHICH CAN GROW NEW HEADS WHEN OLD ONES ARE CUT OFF.

The hydra can go even further than the Hydra of Greek mythology for it can grow new hydras from groups of its own cells. In this photograph the body of the hydra, bearing two buds, or new hydras, is contracted and the tentacles elongated.

of the cells. In the early embryo groups of cells appear and gradually assume the form and proportions of organs. One question that had arisen was how far the later development of these organs is influenced by the surrounding tissues. By isolating such buds in a tissue culture it can be shown that the later development is independent of influences outside the buds themselves. The small group of cells destined to form an eye will, if isolated in a nutrient solution, grow into an eye, a kidney bud will grow into a kidney, and so on.

Trembley's boyish but inspired, and highly skilful, manipulations of hydra have taken us a long way in our knowledge of the growth processes in the animal body. Yet we are still a very long way from the complete understanding.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE NEWS.



THE AMBASSADOR OF HONDURAS PRESENTS HIS CREDENTIALS: DR. ANTONIO BERMUDEZ MILLA, CENTRE. His Excellency Señor Dr. Don Antonio Bermúdez Milla, the Ambassador from the Republic of Honduras, presented his credentials to her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace on May 5. With his Excellency in the photograph is Major-General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, her Majesty's Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps.



A PAKISTANI LEADER ASSASSINATED:  
DR. KHAN SAHIB.

Dr. Khan Sahib, who played a leading part in the Indian independence movement and who was the leader of West Pakistan's Republican Party, was assassinated on May 9. He had been trained at St. Thomas's Hospital, and had been Chief Minister of the North-West Frontier Province and of West Pakistan after 1955.

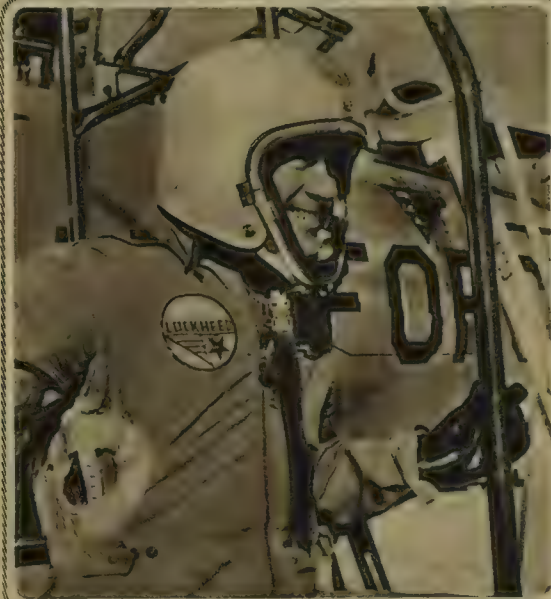


FORMER SPEAKER OF THE COMMONS:  
THE LATE VISCOUNT RUFFSIDE.

Viscount Ruffside, who died on May 5 aged seventy-eight, was Speaker of the House of Commons from March 1943 until October 1951. As Colonel Clifton Brown, he held this arduous office during eight of the most eventful and responsible years in the history of Parliament. He was Conservative M.P. for Hexham from 1918-23 and 1924-51.



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN THE OLDEST SURVIVOR OF THE GAIETY GIRLS: THE LATE MISS SYLVIA GREY. Miss Sylvia Grey, who would have been ninety-three on May 18, died on May 6. Believed to have been the oldest survivor of the Gaiety Girls, who delighted London over seventy years ago, she made her first appearance at the Gaiety Theatre in 1885, and soon established her position as principal dancer.



A NEW WORLD ALTITUDE RECORD FOR POWERED AIRCRAFT CLAIMED: MAJ. HOWARD C. JOHNSON, U.S.A.F. The U.S.A.F. announced on May 8 that a Lockheed F 104A Starfighter had established a new world altitude record for powered aircraft when, on May 7, flown by Major H. C. Johnson, U.S.A.F., it reached a height of 91,249 ft. over California. This is two miles higher than the existing, unconfirmed record, but about 10,000 ft. less than the manned balloon record.



GREETED WITH A BOUQUET ON HER ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND: LARISA KATCHANOVA, OF THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE COMPANY. Members of the Moscow Art Theatre Company, now making their first visit to England where they were to open their London season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on May 15, were welcomed by British actors and actresses when they arrived at Stansted Airport, Essex, on May 11. The TU 104 airliner, in which the visitors travelled, arrived four hours late owing to unfavourable weather.



RUNNER-UP AND WINNER OF THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP: LORD BRABAZON (L.) AND MR. OSBORNE, M.P. Mr. Cyril Osborne, M.P. for Louth, won the cup with his score of 1 up in the Parliamentary golf handicap at Walton Heath, Surrey, on May 10. Lord Brabazon (who is seventy-four), with 1 down, was the runner-up. A notable feature of the event was that the players, unlike those in the English Amateur a week before, completed their games in a commendably short time.

(Right.)  
THE NEW R.I.B.A. PRESIDENT: MR. BASIL SPENCE. Mr. Basil Spence is to be President of the Royal Institute of British Architects for the 1958-59 session. He succeeds Mr. Kenneth M. B. Cross. Mr. Spence won the competition for the new Coventry Cathedral in 1951 and has been the first Hoffman Wood Professor of Architecture at Leeds.



AN AWARD FOR AN ARTICLE ON THE WORLD AIR SPEED RECORD: MR. PETER TWISS (RIGHT) RECEIVES A GOLD MEDAL. Mr. Peter Twiss, who set up a world air speed record in the Fairey Delta II, and Mr. R. L. Lickley, of Fairey's, have been awarded a gold medal by the Royal Aeronautical Society for an article they wrote on building and preparing an aircraft for a record flight. Above, left, is Sir George Edwards, retiring President of the Royal Aeronautical Society, making the presentation to Mr. Twiss in London on May 8.



(Left.) AN ARCHITECTURAL APPOINTMENT: MR. DENIS CLARKE HALL. Mr. Denis Clarke Hall, F.R.I.B.A., has been elected President of the Architectural Association for its 112th session, which commences on June 1. Mr. Hall is a member of the Ministry of Education Working Party on Schools Construction, and has served on a R.I.B.A. committee for school building.



(Left.) THE M.P. FOR ARGYLL DIES: SIR DUNCAN MCCALLUM. Major Sir Duncan McCallum, Conservative M.P. for Argyll since 1940, died at the age of sixty-nine on May 10. The son of a well-known music-hall comedian and singer, he served with distinction in the First World War, and later in the diplomatic service. His death causes a by-election, the 6th now pending.

(Right.) TO BE PRESIDENT OF M.C.C.: LORD PORTAL. On May 7, at Lord's cricket ground, the President of M.C.C., the Duke of Norfolk, nominated his successor in office, naming Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Portal of Hungerford, who will take office from October. The Presidency is open to men prominent in public affairs as well as to those distinguished in cricket.





# MEDICAL SCHOOL EXPANSION IN LONDON AND LIVERPOOL; AND OTHER ITEMS.



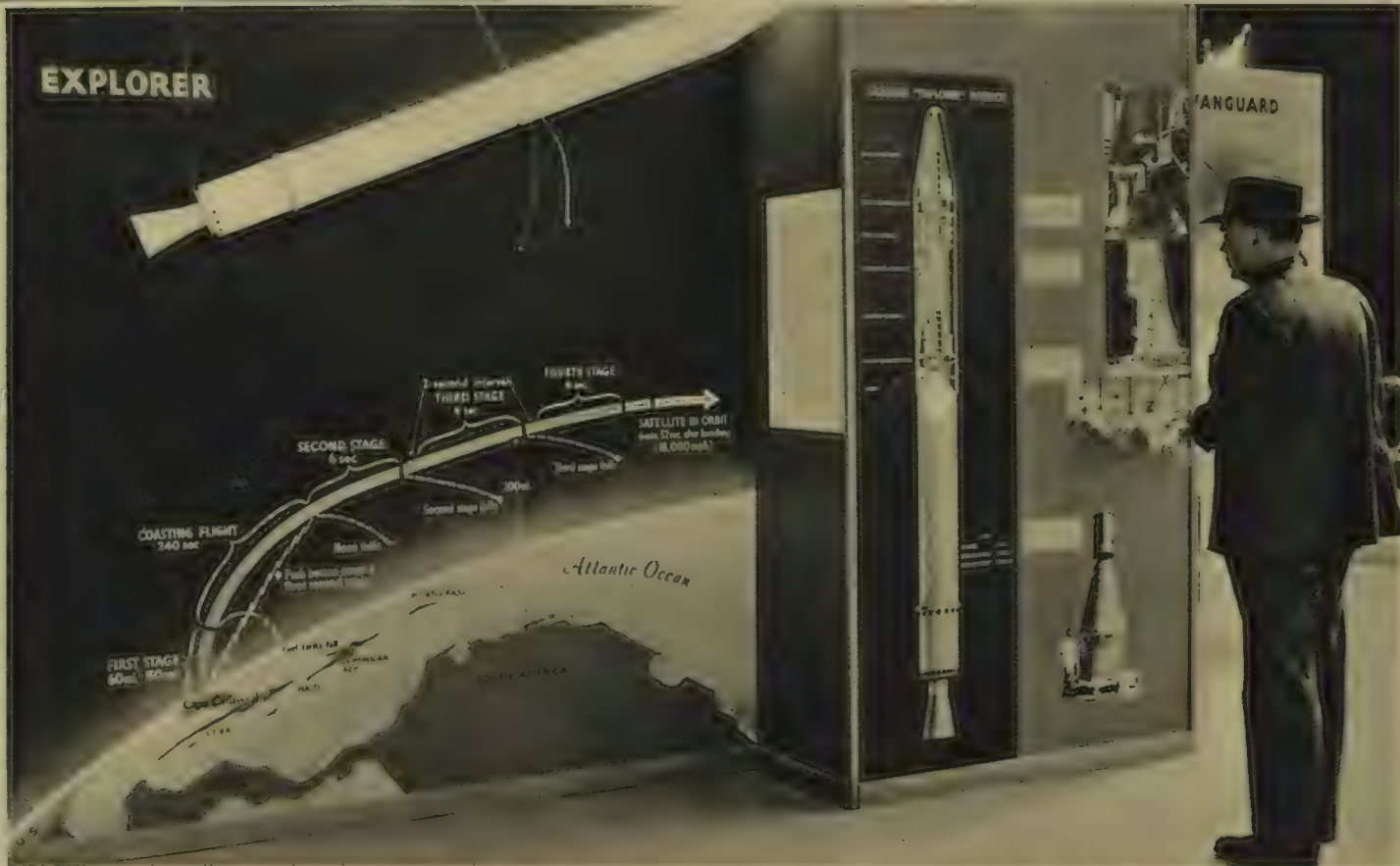
FOAM ON THE WETHERBY ROAD: AN OVERTURNED ETHYLENE TANKER-VEHICLE, WHICH SKIDDED OVER WHILE AVOIDING THE CAR ON THE RIGHT, BEING SPRAYED WITH FOAM AGAINST A FIRE RISK, IN A RECENT ACCIDENT NEAR LEEDS.



OIL-DRILLING IN SURREY: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE EXPLORATORY RIG OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY AT WORK AT SHALFORD, NEAR GUILDFORD. The British Petroleum Company, whose oilfields in this country, notably in Notts, Leicestershire and Lancashire, produced some 82,000 tons of crude oil in 1957, are now exploring the possibilities in Surrey; and drilling at Shalford is now down to about 1600 ft. and may go as deep as 4-5000 ft.

(Right) THE AMERICAN SATELLITE "EXPLORER," ITS WORKING PRINCIPLES AND ITS TRAJECTORY IN A DISPLAY STAGED AT THE PRODUCTION ENGINEERS' EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA.

This interesting exhibit is part of the American "Space Unlimited" display staged at the Third Production Exhibition and Conference—which is sponsored by the Institute of Production Engineers—now being held in the Grand Hall, Olympia. This exhibition, whose aim is to show how to produce better goods more efficiently, opened on May 12 and was to remain open till May 21.



THE NEW SCHOOL OF MEDICINE OF LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY, WHICH WAS OPENED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER ON MAY 7. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE LECTURE THEATRE. This new building, which cost £300,000 and was designed by Mr. A. G. Bullen, brings together many teaching departments previously scattered in various buildings, and is the first stage of a plan which may take another ten years to complete. The building was opened by the Queen Mother on May 7.



A NEW MEDICAL SCHOOL FOR LONDON: A MODEL OF THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL BUILDING, THE FIRST PHASE OF WHICH IS DUE FOR COMPLETION IN SEPTEMBER 1959. This building, sited on a corner of New Cavendish Street, W.1, is the first phase of a £1,500,000 scheme for rebuilding the Middlesex Hospital Medical School, an institution which has hitherto suffered from severely cramped and out-of-date buildings. In this photograph the building is seen from the south.



THE AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGE: *SCEPTRE'S* TRIALS IN THE SOLENT.

THE Royal Yacht Squadron syndicate's new 12-metre *Sceptre*, which is to compete for the America's Cup off Rhode Island in September, began her first crew trials on May 9 in the Solent. The crew trials are expected to continue until the end of May. At the outset of the trials, Mr. O. Aisher's *Evaine* acted as pacemaker to *Sceptre*. The two 12-metres first went all out against each other during a six-hour outing on May 11, and at the end of a 6-mile race to Cowes, *Sceptre* was leading by 1 min. 54 secs. During the trials the crew members sailing in *Sceptre* have been impressed by the ease with which she can be handled, and this might well be an important factor in the contest for the Cup. The large crew's cockpit, in particular, enables the crew to handle the sails easily. Helping Mr. H. L. Goodson, chairman of the syndicate, in the choice of a helmsman for the Cup race are three well-known helmsmen—Mr. S. H. Morris, an Olympic medallist and many times winner of the Prince of Wales Cup in international 14-ft. dinghies, Mr. F. Murdoch, who has sailed in previous America's Cup challengers, and Mr. P. M. Scott, also a Prince of Wales Cup winner. When the present crew trials end, *Sceptre* will be slipped at Gosport or Southampton for repainting.

(Right.)  
DURING THE FIRST DAY OF HER TRIALS WHEN THE 12-METRE YACHT *EVAINÉ* ACTED AS HER PACEMAKER: *SCEPTRE* SAILING PROUDLY IN THE SOLENT.



A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF *SCEPTRE* DURING TRIALS, SHOWING THE SPACIOUS CREW'S COCKPIT, AS THE YACHT PASSES AT SPEED.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### POT RHODODENDRONS AND CAMELLIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

THERE are times when I greatly wish that I lived and gardened on the sort of acid, peaty, sandy soil in which rhododendrons, azaleas, camellias and heathers flourish. As it is, I have always gardened either on chalk-stricken land or on a limestone formation. At Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, although not actually in chalk, we were on it. There was chalk quite near the surface on nearby rising ground, and the water supply, coming from the chalk, was sheer poison to all lime-hating plants. Having gardened for some forty years in those conditions, I migrated to my present house in the Cotswolds, and here the soil in my garden is rank with oolitic limestone. There are parts of the garden in which to plant anything one has to plead and wheedle among the buried, broken rock with fork, spade or trowel, in order to make a planting hole. Fortunately the whole garden is not all like that. The place had been a farm until I bought it some ten years ago, and so discouraging was the original kitchen garden that I have developed a useful plot of ground, which for long had been under grass, and had been nourished and built up with the good things provided by cow, horse, pig and poultry. The soil of this plot is rich, soft, and easy to work, and the proportion of broken limestone in it is negligible. But it is no fit place for rhododendron, azalea or camellia, and that perhaps is just as well. There are innumerable lovely trees, shrubs and plants which fairly batten on my limestone; plenty, in fact, to keep me busy and happy, and if, in addition, I had the temptation of peat-lovers, it might lead to not merely the wolf at the door, but whole packs of them.

As it is, I content myself with a few small-growing rhododendrons and azaleas in pots, which stand about in a shady place, and come into the house when they flower in spring or early summer. By far the most attractive among these was a specimen of *Rhododendron fragrantissimum*, which was given to me as a small-rooted cutting twenty or more years ago, and eventually became a sturdy bush 2 or 3 ft. high. It could no doubt have become very much larger, but for the fact that I cut branches of it when in flower, for the house, and for giving to friends. The plant is not hardy in the open air, but it wintered quite safely in an unheated greenhouse, and when flowering was over I stood it for the summer in a shady place in the open. It produced its great snow-white, azalea-like flowers with the utmost freedom, and, in addition to their exotic beauty, they were deliciously fragrant, a distinctive aromatic sweetness with no suspicion of sickness. I found that I got better value from my *Rhododendron fragrantissimum* by cutting branches of it for the house than if I had brought the whole thing in, and, incidentally, this cutting amounted to the sort of pruning that encouraged fresh, vigorous growth to flower the following year.

Alas, my old friend died about four years ago. Not of old age, but misadventure. It had been in its pot for a great many years without any special encouragement or extra nourishment, so I potted it on into a slightly larger pot, giving it a delicious peaty, leaf-mouldy soil confection laced with a

dash of bone meal. It worked like magic, the magic of an evil magician. Within a few weeks the leaves turned yellow, and the whole plant looked sick unto death. I took it from its pot, washed away all the new soil I had used, and washed the root ball most thoroughly in rainwater. It was no good. The plant died in a quite extraordinarily rapid decline. I can only think that it was poisoned by the bonemeal that I had given it.

This spring I have been enjoying the flowering of three young camellias in pots. My plan is to house them in an unheated greenhouse where they come into flower during April, and then after flowering they stand in shade on the north side of a wall. Directly flowering is over they begin to push out fresh growth. It is safest, I think, to water them with rainwater in a district such as this, where all other water comes from the limestone and is very "hard." But I confess that my camellias have received occasional drinks of this hard spring water—so far without any ill-effects. The three varieties that I am growing are "Fleur de Pêche," "Donation" and "J. C. Williams." "Fleur de Pêche" has rather small blossoms, double, yet not over-fully petalled, and in colour a very lovely soft rose-pink. Although only 18 ins. high, and not widely branched, the little bush has seven flowers. "J. C. Williams" is a single pink, well known as a free-flowering variety. My third is "Donation," with fairly large double flowers of a most attractive and uncommon rich pink, the petals marked from end to end with faint lines of paler and darker colour, rather like the watermark markings on good quality note paper and on bank-notes.

Although these small specimens make attractive house plants when in flower, I look forward to the time when I can cut reasonably-sized flowering branches for the house, as I used to gather from my *Rhododendron fragrantissimum*. It would be interesting to know whether one could winter pot camellias in a room in the house. I am inclined to think that they should do perfectly well standing by the window in an unheated room. It is not realised as widely as it might be, that camellias are perfectly hardy shrubs. As hardy as laurels. But lime they will not tolerate.

I little thought when I raised my several specimens of that beautiful Chinese maple, *Acer griseum*, from seeds, that I would be producing and providing house-building material. But I have—for starlings. I wrote a week or two ago about my *griseums*, the largest about 10 ft. tall, planted in lawn near my house. A few mornings ago I was surprised to see a starling clinging to the trunk of this tree. He was busy pulling at the reddish, paper-thin outer skin of the bark. Presently he flew off to a big stone barn, in which I knew that he was building a nest, carrying in his bill a piece of the bark-skin about the size of four or five postage stamps, or possibly six stamps. I watched him for some time and saw him make five or six return journeys, and carry off a fine flake of bark each time. *Acer griseum* seems to spend most of its time, all the year round, shedding its outer red bark in this way. It flakes and peels off in a most untidy yet engaging way. I have examined my tree from which the starling was collecting nest-building material, and for a width of a couple of feet or so, 3 ft. from the ground, all loose peelings have been taken, whilst on the ground around are quantities of flakes of bark which were evidently too large for the starling to fly with. The stripped portion of the tree-trunk looks wonderfully trim and smooth. Not that I mind the untidy peeling habits of *griseum*. But thank goodness it was a starling and not a rabbit that took a fancy to the strip-tease performance.



DELIGHTFUL AS A POT PLANT IN YOUTH AND "HARDY AS LAURELS": CAMELLIA "DONATION."

"My third is 'Donation,' with fairly large double flowers of a most attractive and uncommon rich pink, the petals marked from end to end with faint lines of paler and darker colour, rather like the watermark markings on good quality note paper and on bank-notes."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

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(Above.)

A SALE-ROOM SENSATION: "CHRIST HEALING THE BLIND"—CATALOGUED AS VERONESE BUT LATER IDENTIFIED AS BY EL GRECO—WHICH WAS SOLD FOR 36,000 GUINEAS AT CHRISTIE'S. This large painting (it measures 46 by 57 ins.) has had a remarkable history. In 1888 it passed through Christie's in the William Rennie sale, when it was catalogued as by Tintoretto and realised 17½ guineas. On May 9 it was Lot 14—part of an anonymous property—in a sale of paintings and drawings at Christie's, and catalogued as P. Veronese. Before the sale, however, it was identified as an early work of about 1575 by El Greco—the lost original of a composition of which only a workshop copy was hitherto known. In an atmosphere of hushed expectancy there was brisk bidding when the painting came up at Christie's. It was bought for 36,000 guineas by the Bond Street dealers, Thomas Agnew and Sons, with another London dealer, Mr. E. Speelman, as the underbidder.

(Right.)

IN THE NEWLY OPENED PRIMARY GALLERIES OF LATE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CONTINENTAL ART AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM:

A GENERAL VIEW OF ROOM 1C. The Primary Galleries of late sixteenth and seventeenth-century Continental art (Rooms 1—3) at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, have been completely and most effectively reorganised, and were opened to the public on May 7. Two of the three rooms have been sub-divided and there are thus, in fact, seven rooms in all. This photograph shows the impressive central gallery, devoted largely to Italian Baroque art, with the fine silk hangings with scenes from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* on the left. The final room provides an interesting survey of religious art of the period.







A CHARMING SCENE AND A FAMOUS ARIA IN ACT II OF "DON CARLOS": PRINCESS OF EBOLI SINGING "THE VEIL SONG" TO THE LADIES OF THE COURT ASSEMBLED IN THE GARDEN OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.



DON CARLOS—SUNG BY THE CANADIAN TENOR JON VICKERS, WHO IS A MEMBER OF THE COVENT GARDEN COMPANY.



PHILIP II, KING OF SPAIN—SUNG BY BORIS CHRISTOFF, THE BULGARIAN BASS, WHO EXCELS HIMSELF IN THIS ROLE.



ELIZABETH DE VALOIS—SUNG BY GRE BROUWENSTIJN, THE DUTCH SOPRANO, SEEN HERE IN HER ACT III COSTUME.



PRINCESS OF EBOLI, LADY-IN-WAITING TO ELIZABETH—SUNG BY FEDORA BARBIERI, THE ITALIAN MEZZO SOPRANO.



THE BLIND GRAND INQUISITOR—SUNG BY THE ITALIAN BASS MARCO STEFANONI.



RODRIGO, MARQUIS OF POSA — BRILLIANTLY SUNG BY THE WELL-KNOWN ITALIAN BARITONE, TITO GOBBI.

AN OUTSTANDING INTERNATIONAL CAST IN A SPECIAL PRODUCTION: VERDI'S "DON CARLOS" AT COVENT GARDEN.

For the chief presentation of their centenary season the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, have chosen Verdi's grand opera "Don Carlos." Luchino Visconti's exquisite production of this five-act opera is conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini, the well-known Italian conductor. Six of the principal singers in the outstanding international cast are seen in the photographs on this page. The greatest assembly of singers heard at Covent Garden for many years, they

give of their best in this lavish production of "Don Carlos," which was last seen at Covent Garden, under Sir Thomas Beecham, in 1933. Written by Giuseppe Verdi for the Paris Opéra, where it was first produced in 1867, "Don Carlos" was first performed in England at Covent Garden (in Italian) in the same year. The brilliant new production at Covent Garden will be given eight performances this season, all of them this month.

Photographs by Houston Rogers.





A SCENE OF GREAT SPLENDOUR IN ACT III: PHILIP II (CENTRE) ORDERS HIS NOBLES TO SEIZE DON CARLOS' SWORD DURING THE CEREMONIES OUTSIDE MADRID CATHEDRAL.

A FINE CENTENARY PRODUCTION:  
"DON CARLOS" AT COVENT GARDEN.



A SCENE OF CONTRASTING SIMPLICITY IN ACT IV: KING PHILIP (BORIS CHRISTOFF) IN HIS ROOM IN THE PALACE.



A FAMOUS DUET IN ACT II: IN THE GARDEN OUTSIDE THE MONASTERY DON CARLOS (JON VICKERS) DECLARES HIS LOVE FOR ELIZABETH DE VALOIS (GRE BROUWENSTIJN).



IN DON CARLOS' PRISON (ACT IV): RODRIGO (TITO GOBBI), SHOT BY A SERVANT OF THE INQUISITION, SINGS HIS DYING ARIA.

May 15 marked the centenary of the first performance in the present Covent Garden Opera House, and the third performance of the superb new production of Verdi's "Don Carlos" was to be given that evening. At its première, on May 9, this special production was most enthusiastically received, and it has been acclaimed as the finest to be seen at Covent Garden since the war. Sung in Italian by a cast rich in international stars, and including all five acts, the opera is produced by Luchino Visconti. It is his first operatic production outside Italy, and his first without Callas. Signor Visconti has also designed the magnificent scenery and costumes (Maurizio Chiari and Filippo

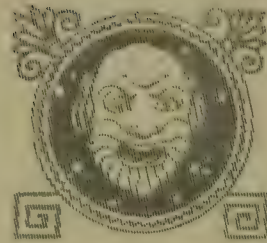
Sanjust were his assistants) and directed the lighting. The inclusion of Act I has enabled him to open with the delightful scenery of the forest near Fontainebleau. Another charming set is the garden outside the church in Scene II, Act II. In the *auto-da-fé* scene in Act III the producer has provided a relatively simple setting for the assembly of splendid costumes. The cloister of Yuste Monastery—the only set which is repeated—and the Queen's gardens outside the Palace in Madrid are both strikingly created on the stage, while King Philip's room and Don Carlos' prison provide very effective settings for the most serious passages in the opera.

Photographs by Houston Rogers.





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



### THE NICEST OF NAZIS

By ALAN DENT.

LAST time I made a mild protest—headed "Lest We Forget"—against our tendency to forget the unnumbered victims of our last two world-wars. The bereaved, of course, cannot forget. But those who suffered no direct personal loss—myself being one of them—seem to me in general too much inclined to accept war-making as a necessary evil. We do not sufficiently deplore and detest it.

The remarkable number of war films which have lately been appearing, and their success at the box-office, is a proof that the public continues to find war-making an attractive subject for entertainment, however drastic and tragic. One of these films, "The Young Lions," is based on Mr. Irwin Shaw's striking war novel which I have been at some pains to read—540 pages in all, and not one of them skippable.

The book is powerful and thought-provoking. Its plan is that of the film "Dunkirk," though, given the larger scope of the medium, it is much more successfully worked out. It has three different "heroes"—a German ski-instructor called Christian, a wiry little Jewish New-Yorker called Noah, and an amiable big Hollywood actor called Michael. The Americans never meet the German. At the outset Christian is teaching Michael's wife to ski in the German Tyrol. At the end Christian, in the very last lap of the war, is sniping at Michael and Noah, who have been thrown into friendship by the chances of Service. Noah is shot, and Michael hand-grenades Christian.

It says much for Mr. Shaw's narrative power, his graphic and compelling style, that—although the novel achieves its aim, which is to communicate a full sense of the blood, tears, sweat, tedium and futility of war, its damage and

insisted—perhaps shrewdly from his own point of view—in tempering these savageries.

Certainly the Brando charm, this time enhanced by a boyish, blond, Germanic hair-style, shines through this tempered and softened, but still arrogant portrait. "Tall, straight, intelligent, conquering,

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MARLON BRANDO AS CHRISTIAN DIESTL IN 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S "THE YOUNG LIONS."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "Though its Nazi-hood is considerably modified and chastened from that of the original novel, Marlon Brando's portrait of Christian Diestl is an excellent and most likeable piece of characterisation. The nature of the original has been largely purged of meanness and cruelty, and the character has thereby been simplified, made easier to play. But no actor now before us could play it better on these lines—if these lines are willingly accepted!"

shining in your uniform, the young god of mechanised warfare," says Christian's little girl-friend in Paris. Brando fans, who doubtless now number millions, will thus be able to accept the truths and horrors of "The Young Lions" because they have this handsome palliative to gaze upon and admire. They can sit and murmur:—"There can be no German so attractive as this soldierly Brando German." I suppose it does not really matter or signify that, only twelve years ago, we were most of us saying: "There's no good German—except a dead German!" But there I go again.

The best writing in the book cannot be translated to the screen. Here is an example and a taste of it, all the choicer for its calculated understatement: "There was some blood on the road and bits of mattress and trampled leaves, but it all looked green and peaceful. Even the two

bodies in the heavy grass alongside the road looked like two gardeners who were taking a nap after lunch."

That seems to me the really telling way to write about war. But Mr. Shaw is a master of the vivid, unsparing manner as well. He has a scene in a concentration camp near the end, where Christian has to masquerade as a prisoner in order to escape being lynched during a mutiny. The film's director and screenplay-writer have, quite simply, shirked almost the whole of the incident. Let me give the reader no more than a hint of how this ghastly episode is described. This is not the concentration camp. It is no more than the approach to it: "The Administration Building was a pleasant-looking Tyrolean-style chalet, with a green lawn and whitewashed stones, and a tall flagpole with a flag fluttering from it in the brisk morning wind. There was a low, hushed, non-human-sounding murmur coming from the barracks. It seemed to come from some new kind of musical instrument, designed to project notes too formless and unpleasant for an organ to manage. All the windows were boarded up, and there were no human beings to be seen within the compound."

Let me not be assumed to suggest that the film of "The Young Lions" is not well worth the cinemagoer's while, in spite of its inferiority to the novel. The two Americans are reasonably well played by Montgomery Clift as the Jew and by Dean Martin as the Californian (though they might have exchanged parts and made two better jobs of it), and there is a charming and most affectionate performance by Hope Lange as Mrs. Noah, who suffers all her husband's humiliations so bravely. The cunning hand of the director, Edward Dmytryk, is everywhere in evidence, in scenes both domestic and horrific.



"THE SEA WALL"—A RANK ORGANISATION FILM SET IN INDO-CHINA AND FEATURING AN INTERNATIONAL CAST: SUZANNE (SILVANA MANGANO) AND HER LOVER MICHEL (RICHARD CONTE) TRY TO COMFORT HER WEeping MOTHER (JO VAN FLEET) AFTER HER RICE FIELD HAS BEEN RUINED. (LONDON PREMIERE: ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, MAY 1.)

destruction of mind, body, and estate—we nowhere feel that we are being "got at." This is, in short, fine fiction founded on truth, and not mere propaganda.

The film, though fine and powerful also, does not have the overwhelming effect of the book, and the principal reason for this qualification is the behaviour of the German soldier, Christian, which has been altered and modified (largely, it is said, owing to the intercession of the actor who plays him, Marlon Brando). Christian in the novel is no brute, rather the reverse. But he is a German who has accepted Nazi principles and who begins to doubt them only when Germany is on the verge of losing the war. Up till the end he is behaving, now and then, like an inhuman swine—all in accordance with his accepted principles, if not strictly in accordance with his own nature. Mr. Brando has



BASED ON MR. IRWIN SHAW'S STRIKING WAR NOVEL: "THE YOUNG LIONS"—A SCENE IN WHICH NOAH (MONTGOMERY CLIFT—RIGHT), WHO FINDS HIMSELF ABUSED AND BADLY TREATED ON ENTERING THE U.S. ARMY, PERSUADES MICHAEL (DEAN MARTIN) TO ACT AS HIS SECOND IN A FIGHT. (LONDON PREMIERE: CARLTON THEATRE, HAYMARKET, APRIL 24.)

This same Mr. Irwin Shaw reappears among the credits of another new film, "The Sea Wall," this time only as screenplay-writer. He makes, quite frankly, a mess of it. But so does everybody else concerned in this farrago which goes to prove that a set-up can be too international. There is a French director, René Clement, who reminds us of his genius (he made "Les Jeux Interdits" and "Gervaise") only in some of the river scenes. There is a cast with names as multi-various as Jo van Fleet (as a mother), Anthony Perkins and Silvana Mangano (as her son and daughter), Allida Valli (as the boy's mistress), and Richard Conte and Nehemiah Persoff (as the girl's lovers). There is also—since we are supposed to be in Indo-China, though it was all made in Thailand—a stone-deaf native servant played by Chu Shao Chuan. Me no likee none of it!

#### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE YOUNG INVADERS" (Generally Released: May 12).—Yet another last war film, and one which does not shirk the tragic ending.

"DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS" (Generally Released: May 12).—A film made out of one of Eugene O'Neill's most powerful and most torrid plays. Neither acting nor direction is quite strong enough, but the thing has its moments.

"SMILEY GETS A GUN" (Generally Released: May 12).—Continues the adventures of that freckled infant, Smiley, in Australia. Sybil Thorndike startlingly appears in this as a crone who would seem to model her behaviour on the late Robert Newton at his most flamboyant.



A TALL STORY: KEW GARDENS' NEW  
FLAGSTAFF, A GIANT DOUGLAS FIR GIVEN  
BY BRITISH COLUMBIA, BEING UNLOADED  
IN LONDON DOCKS.

THE largest tree ever to reach London, which, it is claimed, will form the tallest flagpole in the world, was unloaded at the London Docks on May 6. It is a giant Douglas fir, 225 ft. long, with a base diameter of 4 ft. and weighing 37 tons. The tree, which arrived aboard the 6600-ton *Wavecrest* from Vancouver, Canada, is a gift to Kew Gardens from the British Columbia Loggers' Association, and other organisations, to mark this year's centenary of the Province and next year's bicentenary of Kew Gardens. The fir, which was towed up-river by the tug *Sheen* on May 7, will be Kew Gardens' third flagstaff. The first, which was 159 ft. high, was erected on the Victory Mound at Kew in 1861 and was replaced in 1919 by the then 214-ft.-high spruce spar, also from British Columbia. Recently the top of this flagstaff has been affected by rot and 60 ft. has had to be cut off it. Before the new flagstaff can be erected at Kew the tree will have to be barked and shaped by experts—this is a lengthy process and is expected to take about nine months to complete.



BEFORE STARTING ON ITS VOYAGE UP-RIVER TO KEW: THE GIANT DOUGLAS FIR FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA BEING TURNED IN THE RIVER THAMES BY A TUG AFTER BEING UNLOADED IN LONDON DOCKS RECENTLY.

(Right.)  
STRETCHING FROM HERE TO ETERNITY—OR THEREABOUTS: THE 225-FT.-LONG DOUGLAS FIR, WHICH WEIGHS 37 TONS AND IS TO BE USED AS A FLAGSTAFF IN KEW GARDENS, BEING UNLOADED IN LONDON DOCKS ON MAY 6.







## ENABLING PILOTS TO KNOW THEIR GROUND SPEED AND DRIFT ANGLE WITH ACCURACY:

Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company has recently been demonstrating, on a special flight through Europe, an important new navigational aid, their Marconi Doppler Navigator for civil airlines. The new equipment, although similar in principle to that which has been used in military aircraft of the R.A.F. for the past three years, has been designed specifically for civil airline requirements. At present accurate knowledge of neither ground speed nor of drift angle is available in civil aircraft, and the new equipment will for the first time provide this information for pilot and navigator. In conjunction with a computer, the Marconi Doppler Navigator gives an automatic instantaneous and continuous presentation of the aircraft's immediate position in latitude and longitude, distance to go along a leg of a predetermined flight

plan, distance to go along a composite desired track to reach destination, wind direction, wind speed, ground speed and drift angle. Thus the new equipment considerably eases the task of the pilot and navigator. A radical difference between the Marconi instrument and traditional ground-based navigation aids is that navigation by the latter must be based on average information acquired during a previous part of the flight, and if flying conditions alter in the interval considerable errors can occur. The continuous supply of information which will now be available will enable corrective action to be taken instantly, thus resulting in more accurate navigation. The new Navigator should assist in easing some of the problems of air traffic control. By correlating the continuous information about wind direction

*Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the*



## THE MARCONI DOPPLER NAVIGATOR, NOW SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR CIVIL AIRLINES.

and speed with weather forecasts, the aircraft can alter course immediately to avoid headwinds and take advantage of favourable ones, and this will assist in flying the shortest time track. Apart from astro navigation, existing systems depend on information received from the ground for their operation. For civil airlines covering the world this can be a major disadvantage, because to obtain global cover, ground stations must be erected throughout the world. The cost of the Marconi equipment is cheap compared with that of the capital and operating cost of ground stations, and being a self-contained equipment installed in the aircraft the new Navigator avoids the necessity of international agreement required for a ground-based system. The Marconi system has the additional advantage of providing for the insertion of accurate "fixes" in

where these can be obtained from other sources. The complete equipment, including computer, weighs only 130 lb. Both ground speed and drift angle (the angle by which the line of flight differs from the direction in which the aircraft is pointing) are dependent on the wind, and the Marconi Doppler Navigator obtains accurate information about these two vital matters by means of a Doppler effect. Thus, the frequency of radio waves reflected from the earth after transmission from the aircraft varies according to the aircraft's ground speed, and from this, both ground speed and drift angle can be worked out. This variation in frequency is similar to a variation with sound waves which was noticed by the nineteenth-century Austrian scientist, Christian Johann Doppler.

co-operation of Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company Limited.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IN this rather grim week, the outstanding novel is at a disadvantage. For if aliens (not counting Americans) are to make a stir in England, they should be French. This becomes even truer when their domain is Hell. And of all backgrounds for a season in Hell, Denmark is the last that would occur to one. But *tant pis*. "No Man Knows the Night," by H. C. Branner (Secker and Warburg; 18s.), is in fact Danish, and presents the green pasture of our imagination as a seething limbo.

We are at the high point of "Europe's night"; Germany is going to lose, but not yet awhile. Patriots are still on the run; and Simon, a poor, tormented little Communist artisan, is holed up in a garret, listening for the Gestapo. It is his own fault; he saw what to think of Lydia, the lost girl from the pit of their common childhood, and yet started over again. And she is sure to have blabbed. For "the worst is always true"; Simon has known that since his father used to shut him up in the dark with the Wrath of God. Yet he has fought on, as he fought for Lydia in the wash-house. Now, when the far-off whine becomes a tramp of boots down below, he is already groping over the frozen roof to warn the others. Fleeing in nightmare panic—and telling himself this is a job, a mere crazy job; guilt, remorse, destiny, and so on, are bourgeois rubbish and "black romanticism." . . . But is there no one to help him? Isn't there, somewhere, a grown-up?

There is: in an alcoholic trance at an all-night party of collaborators and zombies. Thomas is the host, or son-in-law. He lives on Gabriel Blom, a little goblin profiteer—but it is not life; he gave that up after promoting his mother's suicide. "His" villa is an illusion. His "wife" is a thin, silvery demi-vierge, a perverse baby. Doctor Felix, the Great Lover, is not her lover; he is all camouflage. And wizard Gabriel has backed the wrong horse. For there is something queer in the world; everything goes to plan, yet "things turn out differently." Gabriel has oblique insight, even a suspicion of his milieu—but Thomas has looked right through it. Hell is a fable; one need only get up and go. . . . Yet he is spellbound, till his "brother" enters the house.

For he and Simon are "twins." Together, they are redeemed by sacrifice—and one would like to think the solution equal to the phantasmagoria. But there is some falling-off; and the big, slatternly mother-mistress is a sentimental cliché. Whereas the nightmare goes very deep.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Little Brother Fate," by Mary-Carter Roberts (Gollancz; 15s.), is a disappointment; for her last book hung in the mind, vaguely perhaps, yet with a sombre, momentous aura. Though this one is sombre enough in all conscience. It includes three murder stories, which prove to be unconnected but run alternately. First, an abysmally stupid *crime passionnel*. Mildred Hummel's passion is "classiness" . . . a dream of Class has eaten her up. So, having achieved "refinement" by marriage, she seduces a commercial traveller, makes him brain her husband (for the insurance money), and thinks herself legally in the clear, since "he did it." Such is her dumb ignorance. Next, we have a fresh version of the recurrent Leopold and Loeb—making the heart sink. These tales have a kind of horrid power; the killers are not being analysed but "monstered." Yet they are banal in grain, and their evil is less akin to tragedy than to Grand Guignol. But the third story diverges. Ray Barber, a thriving, unctuous "woman's priest," has ensnared a rich wife—the supreme power in her little world. At last she learns what he is. She resolves to execute him. But someone else has a better way. . . . This story is so much more original than the others, and in such agreement with the title (which the others are not), that I suspect the first two of being tacked on.

Now we have a right to relax; and to that end "Sober as a Judge," by Henry Cecil (Michael Joseph; 13s. 6d.), is the very thing. Roger Thursby has now become Mr. Justice Thursby. He himself was always on the dull side, and it is certainly growing on him; and so thinks his old schoolmate "Plummer." So we get a needling campaign, and attempts to compromise him with a dance hostess . . . very mild fun. But what we want is, of course, the Law, revealed as a game for experts and a good club. And here it is: the familiar medley of bits and pieces, as amusing as ever.

"He Should Have Died Hereafter," by Cyril Hare (Faber; 12s. 6d.), may be called a regional whodunit. The scene is Exmoor. Francis Pettigrew is lodging there with his wife—by an amazing coincidence, at the very farm he knew fifty years ago. Which recalls the most frightful experience of his boyhood; he saw a dead man on the moor—and the pony bolted with him, and he never let on. He goes back now—and has precisely the same experience. He returns with help—but no corpse. Then, three days later, there is a corpse. . . . The motive, involving a point of law, is a shade abstruse. And the plot appears rather straggling—but we were really in the thick of it all along. Very agreeable and urbane.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I RECENTLY criticised C. H. O'D. Alexander for writing: "In twenty years' time, electronic brains will probably be beating all of us."

"My remark," he writes me, "was half-serious, half-frivolous. My own feeling is, on the whole, to agree with you, but it's not nearly so simple an issue as you make out. I know several of the leading people in the computer research field and the balance of opinion is probably against you. One of the leading American research scientists in this field (who can play chess, incidentally) is quite convinced that computers can and—if it is worth it—will be taught to play chess better than any human being. His belief is that the elements making up judgment in chess can be broken down into components and subjected to detailed analysis, and (much more important) that machines will be developed with the capacity of 'learning,' i.e., recognising positions that are 'similar' to those it has already met and avoiding mistakes previously made. I think he would say that, while basic information must be supplied to the machine from 'outside'—just as he would maintain that basic information is applied to each individual human being from 'outside'—the machine itself will generate fresh information by the ways in which it combines the various parts of this information. In fact, what he (and many others) are saying is that 'thought' is a purely mechanistic process which machines will learn to do when sufficiently complex ones are made—and that learning itself is an analysable and mechanically reproducible process.

"My instincts, like yours, are not to believe this (which is why I say I was only half-serious in my *Sunday Times* remark), but you and I must face the fact that it is a view seriously held by a number of the best experts in the field concerned—and by people who know what chess is!"

Both Alexander and I were extravagant; he in writing that the machines will be beating all of us, I in holding that we shall be immune from their obnoxious attentions for centuries. For (it must be conceded) there are hordes of players who might succumb to a chess-playing machine right now, just as they succumb, in game after game, to any opponent who avoids gross blunders, because sooner or later they commit one themselves.

Even masters blunder horribly sometimes—two instances of one-move oversights in 1957 come to mind in a U.S.S.R. v. Yugoslavia match and in a World Championship "zonal" tournament respectively—you could hardly go much higher. Obviously, I was fixing my gaze too high. Had Alexander written "... beating half of us ..." we might have been on common ground at once.

The machines' capacity to learn seems to me less important than the inherent complexity of the subject itself—or, rather, the proportion of the intangible in it. Significant here, to my mind, is the not inconsiderable proportion of excellent chess players who are hopeless at mathematics—not to mention others such as Reshevsky, who have never written a book or article on chess in their lives. Such a person might develop in, say, twenty years the ability to beat all his contemporaries, without being one whit nearer to explaining how. The scientists have the job, not only of codifying methods which the chess player himself may find hard to describe, but of putting them into the machine.

We'll set them a test problem.

When all is said and done, straight calculation forms the basis of any such machine's operation. Let them construct a "mate in three" problem-solving computer. Here they would have a clean-cut, mathematically definable objective, with its range severely limited in comparison to that of a "living" game (in fact, only a few hundred million chains of moves are possible in the average position, and I doubt whether more than a few hundred thousand such problems have ever been composed!).

If they accomplish this in twenty years, I shall be surprised.

## FROM THE BERNESE OBERLAND TO ANTARCTICA.

SIR ARNOLD LUNN, author of "The Bernese Oberland" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 25s.), has just reached the patriarchal age of seventy, a fact which has been duly commemorated by his ski-ing and mountaineering friends all over the world. He has also just passed his diamond jubilee as a skier, for it was in 1898 that he first put on skis in the Chamonix district and was pursued down the village street by rude, small boys hooting at this curious apparition. Of all the mountain districts Sir Arnold has made the Bernese Oberland peculiarly his own. "And that is why I have chosen the Bernese Oberland," he writes, "for the theme of this book, for it is again with pride and sorrow that I look back from my last pass on the long vista of mountains that I have climbed and loved since my first summer in Grindelwald in 1892. Since then I have spent sixty-odd summers and fifty winters in the Alps, most of them in the Oberland." British mountaineers, but particularly British ski-runners, owe a debt of gratitude to Sir Arnold which they cannot repay. For it is he who has been so largely responsible for the development of their favourite sport. He is the creator of downhill ski-racing, whose rules, in their modern form, are his rules, and if he has also created a monster in the shape of a ski-ing community which has little time for the Alps and for the soft snow, which was Sir Arnold's original element, but likes to tear down hard-beaten *pistes*, at least other Frankensteins have produced less agreeable creations.

Three score years and ten and a leg badly damaged by a mountaineering accident as a young man have not kept Sir Arnold off the slopes: "I still ski," he writes, "but such friendly comments as my ski-ing still provokes remind me of Samuel Johnson's verdict on women preachers, 'Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not well done, but you are surprised to find it is done at all.'" Sir Arnold wishes that his book should be judged as "a travel companion," saying that while a guide book must be impersonal, he agrees with Norman Douglas that "an impersonal travel-book is a horror." As a result, his agreeable wanderings through "the loveliest of all conceivable mountain regions" are to me a sheer delight. The late Herr Baedeker might not have approved of its discursive and somewhat formless presentation, but then Herr Baedeker would have been as exhausting as he was an exhaustive travel companion. The author takes us from some magnificent descriptions of mountain scenery to the late Mr. Gerald Fox putting on his skis in his bedroom in the old Bear Hotel in Grindelwald in 1891, so as to avoid too much embarrassing and hilarious attention from the youth of the village! With regard to the famous fountains of Berne, he writes, "it was literally from the fountain-head that the Bernese so often heard the first news from the outside world, for the couriers usually halted at the first fountain to refresh man and beast. . . ." There are amusing and instructive passages on the early battles, in which Sir Arnold was the protagonist, to get downhill racing admitted by the entrenched skiing nations of Scandinavia with their addiction to the Langelaut. There is, too, a delightful chapter written from the heart about the Berglers, of whom Sir Arnold rightly says that you have to live among the mountain men for forty years before they begin to confide in you. Those who already know and love the Bernese Oberland will be confirmed in their faith, but I venture to predict that this vivid, witty and often moving book will make converts of readers who have never climbed a foot or even contemplated putting on skis.

Naturally, in his description of the great mountains of the Bernese Oberland, Sir Arnold devotes some fascinating pages to the attempts, most of them unsuccessful and in the large majority of cases tragic, to climb that most terrifying of mountain faces, the Eigerwand. In a book published a few months earlier Sir Arnold tells the same story in greater detail and at greater length. This is "A Century of Mountaineering" (Allen and Unwin; 30s.), which was published to celebrate the centenary of the foundation of the Alpine Club in 1857. As Sir Arnold says, the Alpine Club, when it was originally founded, was a pure Victorian period piece. The flippant young modern mountaineer can scarcely be expected to see himself as the direct descendant of the Victorian pioneers who, on the summit of the conquered Lyskamm, sang the National Anthem "with happy thoughts of home and fatherland, and of the bright eyes that will sparkle at our success." This book is a worthy memorial to the great climbers of the past. It is superbly illustrated, both with photographs and coloured plates, and will stir the pulses of anyone who has ever looked on the high hills.

"Anare," by Philip Law and John Béchervaise (Oxford University Press; 45s.), is a fascinating history of Australian exploration in the Antarctic. The name is derived from the initial letters of the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition. The story of those expeditions is well told and the photographs, both in black-and-white and colour, which accompany the story, cannot be bettered.

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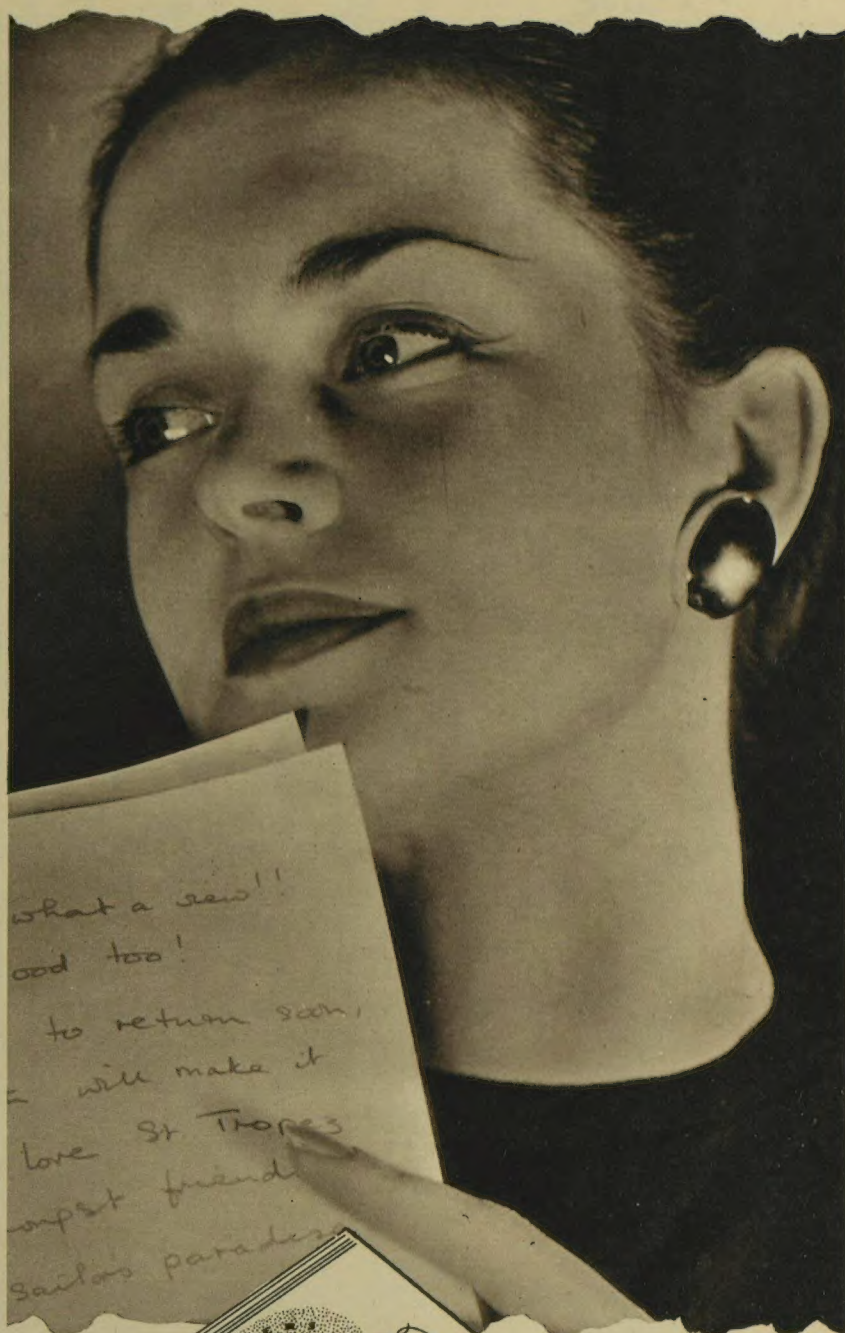
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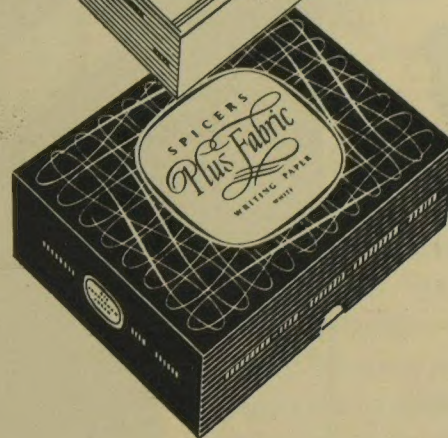
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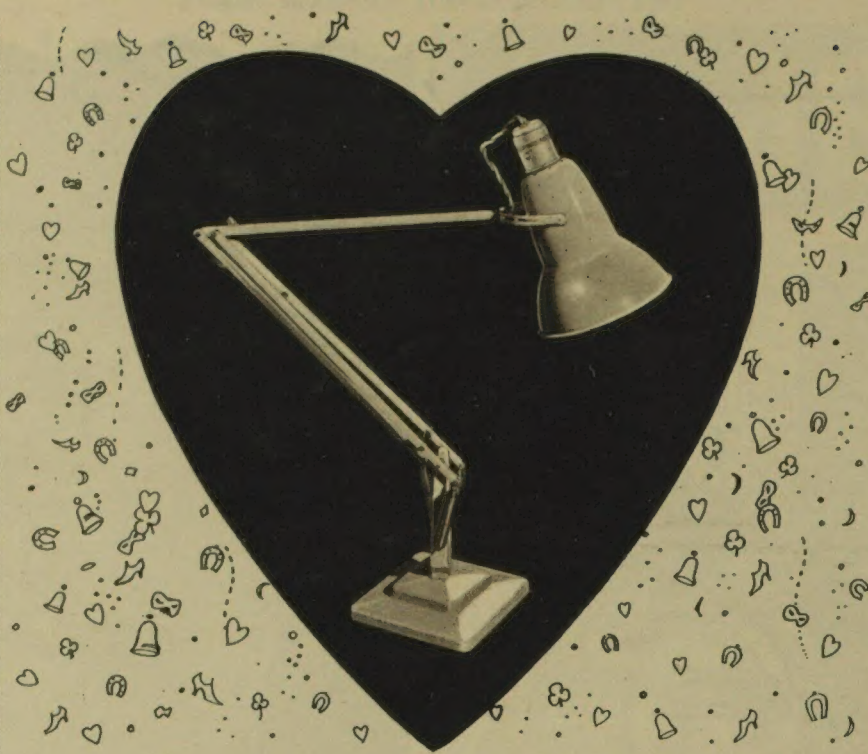
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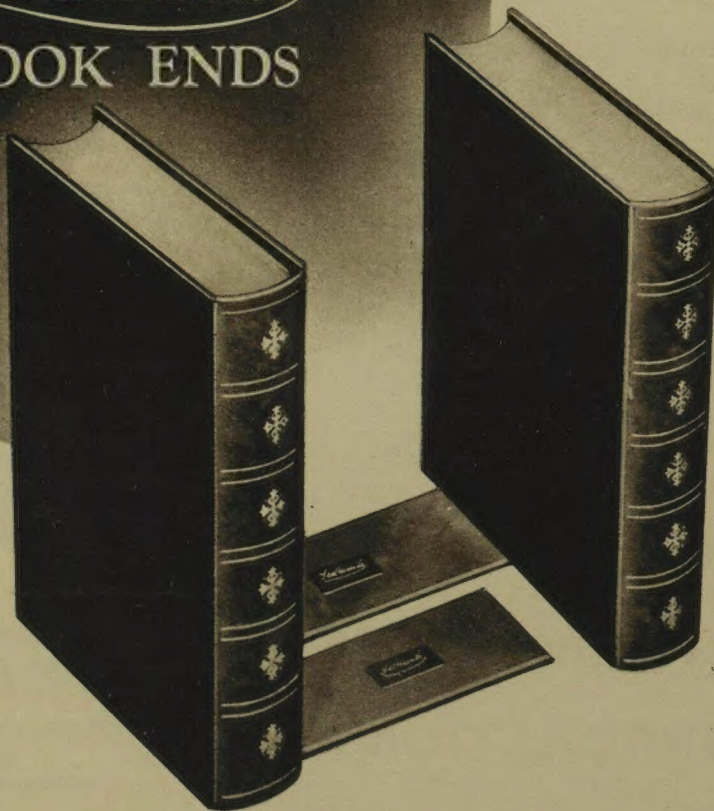
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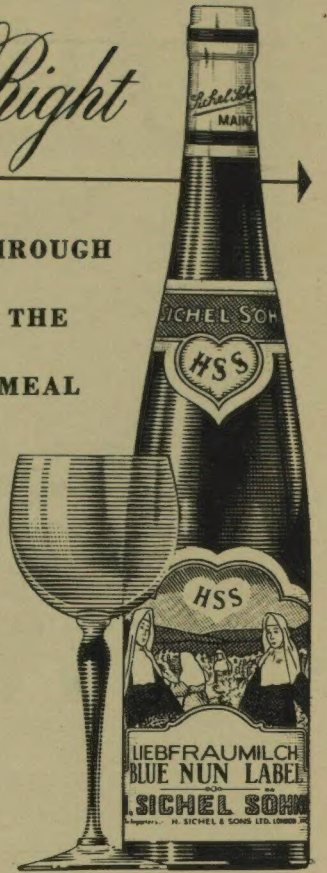
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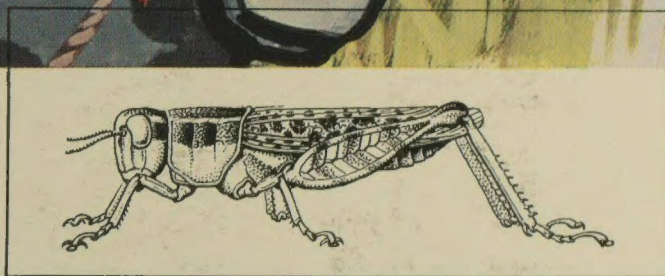
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